

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 490—VOL. XIX.]

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 18, 1865.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS \$1 00.]

Amendment of the Constitution.

"NEITHER SLAVERY NOR INVOLUNTARY SERVITUDE, EXCEPT AS A PUNISHMENT FOR CRIME, WHEREOF THE PARTY SHALL HAVE BEEN DULY CONVICTED, SHALL EXIST WITHIN THE UNITED STATES OR ANY PLACE SUBJECT TO THEIR JURISDICTION."

Such are the momentous words of the proposed amendment of the Constitution of the United States, which, after having passed the Senate by the requisite vote, also passed the House of Representatives, by a vote of two-thirds, on the 31st of January—a day from which will date a new and brighter era in American History. To become a part of the Constitution, however, this amendment must be accepted and approved by three-fourths of all the States of the Union, through their Legislatures. That is to say it must be accepted by twenty-seven of the thirty-six States now composing the Union. It has already received the sanction of eight States, the Legislatures of which are now in session, viz.: Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia,

Michigan and Illinois. Action will be speedily had in most of the remaining States not in rebellion, and in such of those as are now in process of reorganization. It is apprehended that Delaware, New Jersey and Kentucky will reject the amendment, and possibly prevent its adoption by the requisite three-fourths of all the States, for the present—we say, for the present, inasmuch as the Constitution does not limit the time within which action may be taken, and any subsequent Legislature in these States may affirm the amendment, and complete the act. Such is the course and force of public sentiment, that it will be hard for the Legislatures of these States long to resist it—and that public sentiment is for the extirpation of slavery, "the evil cause of all our woes."

This is not the first attempt to amend the Constitution. Amendments were made, in the mode prescribed by the instrument itself, through votes of two-thirds of both Houses of Congress, and by the affirmative action of three-fourths of the States, in 1791, 1798 and 1804. None of these, however, proposed any great or radical changes.

The passage of the amendment now before this country, by Congress, was hardly expected by the public. No longer ago than in July last, precisely the present proposition was rejected by the House of Representatives, or rather failed to receive the requisite two-thirds vote. The advance which has taken place since then, in public sentiment, and the strength of that sentiment itself, as evinced in the November election, have not, however, been without their effect in Washington. They have reacted powerfully on the people's representatives, who only anticipated the inevitable action of the next Congress by their own somewhat tardy motion.

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of the great measure now before the country. It proposes a short, direct and effective mode of disposing of a question, and settling an issue, which we have sought to evade, or to achieve by partial, doubtful and round-about means—"gradual Emancipation," "compensated Emancipation," and Executive Proclamations. All preceding measures, it is true, only marked the advance in

public sentiment, and it was through them that the nation was gradually brought face to face with the monster which we now propose to strangle outright, and without further grace. Once achieved, this great national act will stand unparalleled in history for grandeur. To strike the fetters from four millions of men, at a single blow, and to strike out of rateable existence two billions of property, is no ordinary act of justice and of sacrifice. For this, posterity will give us award; but from the nations of Europe, who measure our great and bloody struggle by their own mean and selfish standards, we must expect neither praise nor appreciation.

The proposed amendment, if adopted, will give to the rebellious States, on their return into the Union, an increase of political power—a power, however, from which we have nothing to fear, as it will be no longer directed by the malignant influences of slavery. Under the Constitution as it was and is, *three-fifths* of the slaves are counted in the representative enumeration; that is to say, in apportioning representatives every five slaves count as



TRAGEDY IN THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON, D. C., JAN. 30—MR. BURBANK, A CLERK IN THE CURRENT BUREAU, SHOT DEAD BY MISS MARY MANLY.

three whites. This enabled the South to send into Congress a much greater number of representatives than they would have been entitled to, if their representation were based on a voting population. Of this the Northern and Free States rightly complained. Slaves being accounted property, and having no privilege of exercising political rights, it was justly claimed that Northern property should equally enter into the basis of Northern representation. Why should five slaves, worth \$500 each, have, practically, three votes—or enable their master to cast that number—while the Northern farmer's ten horses, worth \$250 each, gave him no accession of political power?

But, the slaves once free, they will, under the Constitution, be entitled to count their full number in Congressional apportionment—that is, the Southern States, supposing the slaves to remain where they are, will have an addition, equal to two-thirds of the whole number of emancipated slaves, to their basis of representation. This, therefore, as we said before, will give a considerable accession to the political power of the South; for, as the qualification of voters is fixed by each State, while the basis of representation is fixed by the Constitution, the States may disfranchise those whom the pending amendment will make free.

This effect of the amendment, if carried, has probably not occurred to many minds; and it is one which will bring up the question of negro suffrage at an early day and with powerful force. The question must come up, shall the present masters of slaves receive an accession of political power, from the fact that their slaves have become freemen, under the operations of an amended Constitution? On the other hand, it may be asked, by those who object to give the right of suffrage to the newly emancipated slave, steeped in the ignorance entailed by slavery, "Is such an accession of power dangerous, when the motive for its illegitimate exercise shall no longer exist?"

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 18, 1865.

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Rumors of Peace.

THE air is hurling with rumors of peace, which, however, have as yet had no effect except to unsettle the Stock Exchange and stop enlistments—the latter, probably, being the principal object sought to be accomplished by the authorities in Richmond. While we patter about peace, the railroads broken up by Sherman are repairing; the rebel army of the south-west, under Taylor (lately Hood), is taking breath and binding up its wounds, and the hundred thousand lately conscripted negroes are redoubling the defences of Richmond, while the so-called Southern Confederacy generally is recovering from the stunning blow inflicted by Terry and Porter at Fort Fisher. The Blairs have been to Richmond, "The busy B's," of whom Dr. Watts or somebody wrote:

"How do the little busy Blairs
Improve their shining hours,
And load their minds with ponderous cares
To close this war of ours?"

And on return for the Blairs, there have been peace pilgrims coming northwards, such as Stephens, the inglorious Vice-President of Dixie, the eminent F. V. Hunter, of Virginia, and Judge Campbell, of Alabama.

This is the place where the Blairs did not come in; on the contrary, Mr. Seward went, and afterwards Mr. Lincoln went—all went to Fort Monroe, where each and everybody had a steamer of his own. And there was what our colored brethren in Africa call a *palaver*, and what our "wild savages" term a *pot-wau*, and then each and everybody went as he came—in a steamer! And that is "the end on't." Except that it has afforded large latitude to able correspondents hard up for

wherewithal to write about, and an opening for operations to Exchange brokers eager for a "movement" in the market; and except, particularly, to the rebels who hereby gain time to raise men, reorganise, and offer a more obstinate and protracted resistance.

There is no peace to be had except on the basis of complete submission to the authority of the nation; none to be had which does not involve the subversion of slavery. All the world knows this; the people at home and the armies in the field know it, and will listen to nothing less. When the rebels assent to these prime conditions, the insignificant matters of confiscation and the penalties of treason can readily be waived, while all parties and sections unite in conveying "the old flag" to the topmost peaks of national power and greatness. But short of this there can be no peace. Five hundred thousand patriot dead would spring from their uncoffined graves, and lift their bony hands in menace against the cravens who would sacrifice the cause for which they poured out the willing sacrifice of their blood.

The President of the United States cannot make peace without the full concurrence of the nation. He is only the exponent of the national will, as expressed by the declarations of those who elected him. Abraham Lincoln, ex-rail-splitter and late country lawyer of Illinois, is absolutely nobody, *per se*—nobody, except in so far as he is a reflection, in personality, of the sentiment of the people. To the people he will doubtless, and right speedily, explain what the so-called Southern commissioners had to propose—as for him, as President of the United States, he had nothing to propose. When the Prodigal Son came home, the benignant father killed the fatted calf and clasped the prodigal to his bosom; and when Mr. Vice-President Stephens comes to tell us that he, and those who act with him, are anxious and willing to return under (to use his own language) "the best Government the world ever saw," and to submit to the restrictions that their own conduct has rendered necessary to secure peace and permanence, then we may accept their return in such spirit as did the father of the wayward son. Nothing more—nothing less.

A LONDON journal bitterly denounces the Davenport brothers as impudent and profane impostors, and is specially indignant with the people who are lending themselves to the service of the conjurors by getting up committees of investigation. "Investigate," it exclaims, "investigate what? Whoever went to Robert Houdin's performances to investigate? whoever investigates the machinery by which Professor Anderson changes a rabbit into a gold watch? There is not a conjuror who would not, in a month, if he were to give his attention to it, produce all the illusions which the Davenports pass off as a spiritual wonders. Only think of it, supernatural beings engaged in tying knots, carrying guitars about, and playing a few bars of nigger melody. Where is the music of the spheres, if 20 bars of 'Buffalo Gals, won't you come out to-night,' is the best production of which the angels are capable? The men who tell us that they are waited upon by celestial beings for these purposes would cause laughter, did they not rouse contempt and stir up indignation."

M. LEMOINNE, one of the ablest writers for the French press, has just published an able and caustic article in the *Journal des Debats*, in Paris, on the fairs, etc., lately held in England, for the aid of the so-called Southern Confederacy. Some of these, it will be remembered, were managed by English women, of whom M. Lemoigne says:

"At this moment we see them standing in fairs and selling goods for charitable purposes in America, but it is no longer for the once popular hero of Stafford House, Uncle Tom. The god Cotton now rules the day. Oh, Wilberforce! What would your grand soul have thought, if, unhappily for itself, it could see the England which you had intoxicated with the divine doctrines of humanity falling back into the empire of calico? Is it not to be feared that these demonstrations of England's partiality for the rebellion will bring about their bitter, bloody fruits? When the American Republic shall have emerged from this terrible trial, without its slavery, but, alas! with a great army, she will recollect the offences she has submitted to during the conflict; and when that day comes cotton will be dearer 'than ever.'"

AMONG the *Ephemera* of 1848 was M. Louis Blanc—a member of the Provisional Government of France after the *hegira* of Louis Philippe, and before the "Prince President," now called Emperor, and the ruler of France, was enabled to rise to power, as "the nephew of his uncle." The republic, as administered by the "Prince President," was not large enough for M. Louis Blanc, who has since resided in London, where he has done a thing or two in the literary or semi-historical line. A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* says of him:

"He lives very retired, supporting himself mainly by his contributions to certain French journals which still sympathize with him in his radical Republican ideas. M. Louis Blanc is very short, and has almost the appearance of a dwarf. His face is, however, a very strong and earnest one, his eyes keen and full of power. He dresses in simple style, having almost a common look, and far removed from the usual finery which characterizes the French gentleman. The French Government has granted him permission to return, but he prefers London to Paris, and is so well versed in our literature and understands the genius of our language so well, that he feels himself at home among Englishmen. He writes English better than most who inherit its use, retaining the point and epigrammatic characteristics of the usual French style, without its formal stiffness."

THERE has been published in Richmond a series of what may be called Historical Annals of

the War, characterised by considerable ability, from the pen of a gentleman named Pollard, who had the good or bad fortune of being caught, some time ago, in a blockade-runner, and thus obtained free lodgings in one of our great national hotels in Boston or New York harbor, whence he fruitlessly appealed to Lord Lyons to relieve him. In due time, however, he was either exchanged for some Yankee knight of the pen, "in duress vile" in Dixie, or was let loose on his parole, to write only facts in the future. At any rate, he had a week of freedom in New York, where he stopped, of course, at the New York Hotel, and where he met that "band of brothers," who enjoy the security from conscription afforded in the North, while they support the cause of the rebellion, like the buttresses of a church, from the outside. Mr. Pollard was here during the election, and graphically describes affairs as follows:

"Some days before the election New York was incoherent with revolution. Processions flaunted banners and pasted boards through the streets, smattered with what was in the Washington definition downright treason. The hotels and bar-rooms were choked with Secesh-vociferous, defiant, and generally half-drunk. Yet when Butler came all this clamor and show left the stage as suddenly as one of Heller's spectacles, if not like it in a flash of brimstone, and in one week's time those whose mouths had been filled with the fumes of revolution, and who had been breathing fire and slaughter, were as quiet as whipped cuds, and not a whit more dangerous."

Of the Southern refugees who crowd our hotels, speculate in gold, "d—n Lincoln," and are ready to cry "good Lord, or good devil," according to the varying fortunes of the war, Mr. Pollard has a profound and merited contempt. He says of them:

"There are hundreds and thousands of these sympathetic absentees, who, in the spirit of sheerest cowardice and grossest selfishness, exploit their Southern patriotism in the garish hotels of New York, and are trying to pass their time pleasantly among the creature comforts of Yankeeedom, while the beloved people of the South are left to take for themselves all of the privation and risk of the war. Many of them live extravagantly, not a few gamble in gold-rooms, and these refugees, dough-faced adventurers, fugitives from conscription, and cowards of every stripe, who are bloating and pampering themselves in Yankeeedom, talk 'Secesh' as loudly and bravely in the New York Hotel as in the Spottwood House at Richmond."

Mr. Pollard writes so well and so pungently, that we are half inclined to think that he writes under an assumed name, and that we have really "a Daniel come to judgment."

A YOUNG girl from Iowa, poor and pretty, has her warm Irish blood stirred to madness by the fancy (or reality) of neglect and the mischief of busy tongues, and chasing half-way across the continent the man whom she loves, and who had dandled her in childhood on his knees, she steals near and sees him seated at his desk in the quiet transaction of his daily affairs. The contrast between him so calm, and herself in the toils of her devouring jealousy, is more than she can bear; the tiny pistol snaps, and the man falls dead among his brother clerks, who are swarming through the hall in the pleasant bustle of departure.

The highest civilization cannot prevent such instances of unregulated revenge from happening exceptionally, even in the very centre of its legislation and nucleus of its splendor. Moses, Lycurgus, Numa, Draco, Justinian, Alfred, Napoleon, may expend the riches of their vast intellects in devising a machinery of justice; the best they can hope for is dividing and isolating the sure percentage of crime, leveling the house to confine the fire in given limits. Their combined wisdom could not prevent the occasional outbreak of deadly passion. What amelioration can be applied to these miserable tragedies is a question that belongs to the education of public opinion and the press.

We object to the attitude in which this erring girl is exposed among the people. What should be felt when a creature so childish exhibits the sad weakness of her will in a frenzy of barbarian revenge, is a sensitive shrinking from the whole loathsome, indelicate subject. It is a woman who has betrayed herself—that, no man of humane and gentle temper can forget; but the pity should be secret, reserved, ashamed—the divine compassion of the sons of Noah, the first recorded gentlemen of history. Instead of this, the world, with its prurient eyes expanded, is looking at the dishevelled figure swinging and revolving in the sky from the Haman's gibbet of the press. Our legislators publicly visit the poor, weak criminal; flocks of ladies go with gossip and sweetmeats; the victim of their assiduity tries to believe herself somehow a heroine; and all the while the busy mongers of the news, having made access to her confidence "by earnest expressions of sympathy," are pouring out the low undertone of drivel, and we are made aware that her hair was short and curly, that she wore a nude and a veil, and that at the critical moment she "felt suddenly lifted up." The age which has wisely determined that the spectacle of an execution is immoral, is feasting upon the hapless homicide, pilloried before it in the heavens, with the veil and the cloud all torn from her throbbing womanhood.

THE largest collection of photographic pictures, as well as materials of the photographic art in America, is no doubt that of Messrs. L. & H. T. Anthony, 501 Broadway. The stereoscopic gallery of Messrs. Anthony is a marvel of completeness, embracing views of remarkable scenes and places from almost every country of the globe, as well as portraits of leading authors, statesmen, philanthropists and generals of both continents. We understand their collection will soon be augmented by the addition of an entirely unique series of views from Peru, of remarkable extent and beauty.

Summary of the War.

LOUISIANA.

There have been no military operations in this State since our last. The abolition of slavery in Louisiana, Maryland, Tennessee, and Missouri, was commemorated by a holiday on the 24th of

January, in accordance with a proclamation of Governor Hahn. It is reported that Gen. Gordon Granger was advancing on Mobile from Pascagoula with a force of 25,000 men.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Gen. Sherman has commenced his new campaign. The left wing of the army, under Gen. Slocum, had arrived at Sister's ferry, on the Savannah river, 50 miles above the city of Savannah, without meeting any opposition whatever from the enemy. Two divisions of the 20th corps, which struck out for that point through the State of South Carolina, had considerable difficulty in getting through the swamps. The other troops, who marched directly up the Georgia bank of the river, had no such embarrassment to contend with. On the 30th ult. all of Slocum's men were at Sister's ferry, and supplies were being rapidly received. The right wing of the army is operating in a better country for marching than the left, and at some distance from it; but communication between the two is kept uninterrupted. Rebel dispatches say that the left wing is marching on Augusta, Ga., and the right on Branchville, S. C. They report some fighting on the 30th ult. near White's point, on the Combahee river. They also say there is a rumor that the Union troops burned McPhersonville, S. C., five miles north-west of Poolatigo.

CHARLESTON.

The Patapsco was sunk in the harbor of Charleston, on the night of the 15th of last month, by one of the rebel torpedoes. She went down in 20 seconds after she was struck, and 60 of the persons on board of her were drowned, 49 being saved. The Dai Ching got aground in the Combahee river, S. C., on the 23d ult., and after maintaining a severe fight with a rebel fort for some hours, and it becoming apparent to her officers that she could not get off, they set fire to her, and she was burned to the water's edge. All her officers and crew, excepting four, succeeded in escaping. A few hours previous to the catastrophe which befell her, the Dai Ching captured the blockade-runner Coquette, from Charleston for Nassau, with a cargo of cotton.

ACTIVITY IN THE PETROLEUM REGION.

CAPT. J. S. CLARK, President of the New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Petroleum and Mining Company, who has just returned from the oil region, informs us that the greatest activity prevails in every quarter of the region. Much of the district is of course frozen over, but wherever the wells can be worked a busy hive of oil-seekers are sure to be found. The rush of capitalists and small adventurers continues so great that it is utterly impossible to find quarters to accommodate the half of them. Companies of any standing are erecting houses for their superintendents, and to secure a shelter for their officers when they visit their property for the purpose of inspection. Several hotels are going up, and one of colossal proportions is already designed, and will be commenced as soon as the ground is unfrozen. This hotel will be controlled by one of our popular New York hotelkeepers. A general feeling of confidence prevails; prospecting parties are to be met with everywhere, and even the most unprospecting property commands a fabulous price. But fabulous as the prices may seem, one little hole drilled down a few hundred feet in the earth may make it appear as nothing when compared with the financial results. The reliable companies are prospering; every day some new source of wealth, in the shape of a flowing well, is discovered. The day after Capt. Clark left he received a telegram from his superintendent stating that he had that day reached oil in another well, and that, in the language of the district, it promised to be a "bully" well. This is good news to the holders of the stock of the New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Petroleum and Mining Company.

NEW BOOKS, &c.

The latest and most popular production of the musical press is "Sunset," a ballad, for one or two voices, words by Thomas Moore (a rising young Irish poet), and the music by Stephen Massett, one of the "old masters." It is dedicated to Mrs. James Gordon Bennett, the accomplished wife of the "Napoleon of the American press." The words will be remembered as commencing:

"How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt upon the silent sea;
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes its vesper sigh to thee."

Musical authorities pronounce the harmonies of this production complete; the composer does justice to the melody and sentiment of the poet, and both only fair do to the lady "for whom the song is sung."

Among the manifold shapes that the latest production of the Laureate of England reaches us, namely, "Enoch Arden," none is more pleasantly convenient and readable than the edition of J. E. Tilton & Co., of Boston, which, furthermore, contains various other of Tennyson's more popular poems, such as "Aylmer's Field," "Sea Dreams," "The Grandmother," and a dozen more, including "A Welcome to Alexandra."

We have been shown an amusing version of the Opdyke Libel Suit, or, as the funny author has it, Opdyke "series" Weed—the whole testimony, pleading and final charge being paraphrased in comic poetry. The fun is very good fun. For sale by the various booksellers for the mere joke of 25 cents. The American News Company are the agents.

The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin was sold at public auction on the 1st inst., causing a spirited and exciting scene in 3d street. It was bought for the price of \$30,000 by Mr. Peacock, in the interest of part of the old Bulletin Association, Messrs. Cummings and Chambers retiring. We may take the present opportunity to mention that the paper, being the principal afternoon sheet, is the favorite advertising vehicle in the city. In Philadelphia everybody gets a Bulletin to see the evening news.

There is room for anything and everything if it be good. Newspapers and periodicals are said to be increasing twenty-fold; but, on the other hand, the number of readers is increasing five hundredfold.

Those now are readers who never read before, and those who used to read now read more.

So there is room for the New York Weekly Review, a handsome large quarto, dedicated to art, literature, music and the drama, issued at 7 Mercer street; terms,

\$4 per annum. It is quite a master in *persiflage*, a style of writing which is becoming more and more popular with us, as New York comes more and more to resemble Paris. The Review is strong in the departments of music and the drama, and altogether the best publication of its kind in the country, where it worthily fills a space before vacant.

John Bradburn, successor to M. Doolady, New York, has lately published a novel, by Mrs. Hosmer, entitled "The Morrisons." We are somewhat late in noticing this most popular work, which is equally admirable in style, plot and execution. One of our finest critics, in speaking of it, says: "It is refreshing, in these days of sensational trash, to come upon a work which enchains the reader's attention without outraging his critical taste. The characters in the novel are at once interesting and natural. There are no stage villains and intruders, no spectral melodramatic effects, but all is natural and full of incident." We must not omit to add that the publisher has issued this volume in a style of unusual elegance both in binding and type.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The four years of continued suffering which the people of Savannah have endured have left an expression of pain upon their faces. Men have remained in their houses for months, without ever going into the streets, for fear of being conscripted; and an instance is mentioned of one man who had not gone outside of his doors for three years.

Everybody knows by this time what an epistolary people we are, and what epistolary armies we have in the field. Still the wonder at the amount of correspondence will never cease. On the 18th ult., by one mail, over half of million of letters were received at Savannah.

A soldier's widow by marrying again forfeits all her pensions from the date of her marriage, and if she again becomes a widow she cannot resume them.

The first *soirée* of the Artists' Association was held in Dodworth's Building on the 24th of January. It was well attended, and the whole affair passed off with great spirit.

The new public Petroleum Exchange was formally opened on the 1st of February, in the Empire Buildings corner of Broadway and Rector.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has decided that dead men cannot be taxed. The case in point is that of one Mr. George Thompson, who died July 29, 1864. Be ore his death a return was made by him of his income for the year 1863. A tax of five per cent. was afterward levied and paid upon it. Mr. Blake, the Collector of the 8th New York District, now claims the right to impose and collect another tax of five per cent. upon the same income, now in the hands of the executors of the deceased for distribution. The Commissioner decides that this cannot lawfully be done.

The *Tribune* thus quicly announces a most interesting fact: A negro, black as the enemy of mankind, was yesterday admitted to practise as a lawyer in the United States Supreme Court.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has decided that when a person chooses the right to copy out and publish the list of assessments, or amount of returns made and taxes paid, by taxpayers.

Mayor Gunther has addressed a letter to Corporation Counsel Devin in regard to the proposal of D. D. Badger, for the New York Sanitary and Chemical Company, to clean the streets of this city for \$300,000. The Mayor asks if the commission which was appointed in 1864 has any right to act this year, and what are the legal objections, if any, to the proposed contract. Mr. Devin says the powers of commission still exist, but that by giving Mr. Badger the use of the Croton water and the dumping grounds a greater amount would in reality be paid for the work than the Legislature authorized to be given.

The Buffalo Express of the 30th Jan. states that there was a smart shock of an earthquake—for to that cause alone it can lay the fact that a little before four o'clock persons were startled from their sleep by a heavy dull explosion, succeeded by a shock, which made the most solid brick houses tremble, and the window frames rattle.

The House passed a bill on the 3d of February giving a gratuity of \$300 a year to each of the five surviving revolutionary pensions in addition to the pension of \$100 which they now receive. In January, 1864, there were only 13 remaining, seven of whom have since died. The names of the only survivors are as follows: Lemuel Cook, enlisted in Hatfield, Mass., 93 years of age, now residing at Claremont, Orleans Co., N. Y.; William Hutchins, enlisted in Newcastle, Me., 100 years of age, residing at Penobscot, Me.; Alexander Maroney, enlisted at Lake George, N. Y., as a drummer boy, 94 years of age, residing at Yates, Orleans Co., N. Y.; James Beartman, a substitute for a drafted man in Southampton Co., Va., living in Missouri, in his 101st year.

The constitutional amendment for the abolition and prohibition of slavery throughout the country has been received by the people with enthusiasm, and is acted upon by the Legislature of some of the States with promptness. Already it has been fully ratified by the Legislatures of Illinois, Michigan and Rhode Island, and by one house in that of Maryland, while in those of New York, Massachusetts and other States the ratification measures have been introduced. In a speech which President Lincoln made on Wednesday night, in response to a serenade in honor of the success of the amendment in the House of Representatives, he said that, while some might entertain doubts about the legal validity of the abolition of slavery by his proclamation, none could cavil when it was decreed by the concurrence of three-fourths of the States in the resolution adopted by Congress. In Massachusetts the people manifested their enthusiasm by the ringing of bells and firing of salutes throughout the State. In the West Virginia House of Delegates the bill to abolish slavery in that State was ordered to its third reading.

Southern.—A Southern belle, more malignant than Prometheus, stepped off the sidewalk the other day in Savannah to avoid going under the national flag. Gen. Geary ordered her in consequence to parade up and down under the "hated symbol" for an hour, and thus pay toll for her diabolicality.

The Philadelphia Press gives us the authority of a gentleman who has lived in that State for the last four years, that Georgia is completely tired of the war.

Jeff Davis and Alex. H. Stephens are reconciled, so the Richmond Enquirer says.

The Richmond Examiner has a severe article on the delay in paying the rebel soldiers. It says: "Where does all the money go? Why, the members of the administration and all their clerks are regularly paid; the State Department absorbs a great deal, that it may buy gold to pay Jews and Gentiles who are supposed to be doing something in Europe. If a private of company X is constantly told by the Quartermaster that there is no money to pay him, let him be consoled by the thought that the President draws regularly. Congress takes care to be paid 'on the nail.' Mr. Foote has his share to pay his expenses into the enemy's country. Everybody is paid on sight except the soldiers; whatever comes short is put to their account."

The Montgomery Appeal accused Gen. Kirby Smith of flat rebellion to the rebel President's authority, he having positively refused to transfer his army from the west side of the Mississippi to the east. Some loudly accuse him of intending to march his troops into the service of the Mexican Emperor.

On the evening of the 27th a disastrous fire occurred at Savannah, destroying considerable property, but without loss of life. On the morning of the 28th another broke out destroying two squares in the Third District. Several buildings were torn down to prevent the spreading of the flames, as the wind was blowing

strong from the east. Lieut. T. J. Spencer, Depot Ordnance Officer, reports that some band had placed a keg of powder at the side of the Arsenal, corner of York and Walker streets, undoubtedly to blow up the city, as the place contained over 30 tons of powder. The keg was placed in the shadow of a tree, with the top taken out. A single spark would have carried out this wicked design. It is thought to have been the work of rebels, who are in anything but an amiable mood in view of their present condition.

Nearly all the Southern theatres are under the management of ladies. The Richmond theatre is managed by Ida Vernon; that at Wilmington by Eolise Bridges; that at Marion by Miss Virginia Kemble; and that at Mobile by Miss Ella Wren.

Western.—Col. Wolford, of Kentucky, was arrested in compliance with a telegram from Lieut.-Gen. Grant, for making speeches, charged to be of an insurrectionary character and discouraging enlistments. Subsequently he pledged himself to refrain from opposition to the Government, and thereupon was released. In Nov. last Lieut.-Gov. Jacobs was arrested by order of Gen. Burbridge, and banished South for making public speeches, calculated, and apparently intended to weaken the efforts of the Government.

Military.—Col. G. R. Latham, 6th West Virginia Cavalry, has been dismissed the services for not putting the post of New Creek, West Virginia, in a proper state of defence; in consequence of which it was captured with the entire garrison by the enemy.

The military authorities in Missouri have ordered that the wives and children of all rebels shall be compelled to leave the State.

The Secretary of War has communicated to the Senate a list of officers of the regular army. The general officers are given in the following order: Lieut.-Gen. Grant; Maj.-Gen. H. W. Halleck, Wm. T. Sherman, George G. Meade, Philip H. Sheridan, George H. Thomas; Brig.-Gen. Irvin McDowell, William S. Rosecrans, Philip St. George Cooke, John Pope, Joseph Hooker, and Whitfield S. Hancock.

Gen. Meade has been confirmed as Major-General in the Regular Army, his commission dating from the 18th of August last.

Personal.—James Wadsworth, youngest son of the late Gen. Wadsworth, has accepted a position on Major-General Warren's staff.

John Steel died the other day, in Philadelphia, from the kick of a horse. He was the wealthiest man in Pennsylvania. Income, \$3,000 a day from oil.

Frezolini is singing at the Italian Opera in Paris.

That popular favorite Madame La Grange is about to revisit this country.

Mr. Charles, of Pittsfield, lately celebrated his silver wedding at an expense of \$30,000.

Mr. Bursum has paid Miss Laura Keane the sum of \$1,000 for a new drama, which she has written for him. It will be soon brought out at the Museum, and will be the dramatic sensation of the season.

A son of Dr. Livingstone, the African traveller, who enlisted in the Federal service when the war broke out, was, in the latter part of last year, taken prisoner by the Confederates.

Dr. Baile, whose name is so intimately associated with the efforts which have been made to explore the Niger, died of fever and dysentery, at Sierra Leone, on the 30th of November last.

Mr. Elihu Burritt (generally known as the "learned blacksmith"), has been appointed United States Consul at Birmingham.

Seth Adams, against whom Mr. Millsapugh recently obtained a verdict for \$10,000, for running away with his wife, has declared himself unable to satisfy a judgment of \$427, his only property being a few articles of jewellery.

Obituary.—Henry L. Bowen, Postmaster of Providence, R. I., during the administration of Taylor and Fillmore, and author of a biography of Tristram Burgess, died recently.

Robert A. West, for many years one of the editors of the Commercial Advertiser of this city, and lately connected with Forney's Washington Chronicle, died in that city on the 1st of February.

Hon. Joseph Cunard died in Liverpool lately. He was one of the proprietors of the famous line of Cunard steamers. He was in his 67th year.

In Paris lately died the well-known writer, Pierre Joseph Proudhon, the author of the notorious saying, "All property is theft!" He was born in Besancon, July 16, 1809. He has spent his life in writing paradoxical pamphlets and editing ephemeral newspapers. In 1849 he was condemned to three years' imprisonment for illegal publications. He was an industrious, able man, either very much in advance of his age or else very mad. These two opinions are held by his friends and opponents.

Accidents and Offences.—Mary Harris, a native of Iowa, shot Burroughs, a clerk in the Treasury, at Washington, on the 30th Jan., for breach of promise of marriage, and was lodged in jail.

A gang of burglars, who have for the past two years been committing depredations in Westchester county, has been lately broken up, and the most of the party arrested by Detective Thomas Slowe of the Metropolitan Police and Officer Montgomery of the above county.

Peter J. Brown, of Lynn, Mass., was shot, a few days ago, by a young lady, who had received attentions from him, and had afterwards been cast off. He was severely but probably not fatally injured.

Foreign.—The Royal Geographical Society of London has voted \$500 towards the \$1,000 required by Sir Henry James for the settlement of the level of the Dead Sea.

The manufacture of the great Atlantic telegraph cable is progressing very satisfactorily. The length made now averages 80 miles per week. As it is necessary that the cable should be kept constantly immersed in water, eight large tanks have been constructed to contain it, from which it will be coiled into the Great Eastern. The entire cable will be ready by June next.

There had been a great snowstorm in Madrid, much to the dismay of the superstitious people of that city.

On the 15th of December Donna Leopoldina, the second Princess of Brazil, was married to the Prince August of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, son of Prince August Louis Victor of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and of Clementine d'Orleans, daughter of the late Louis Philippe, ex-King of the French. The young princess is the second daughter of the Emperor of Russia, who has now two grandsons of Louis Philippe sons-in-law. The Count d'Eu, son of the Duke de Nemours, married the elder, or imperial princess, on the 14th of last October.

At Compiegne, where the French Court is now residing, great efforts are made by a few of the eunuchs to have something startlingly novel, something quite different from what everybody else wears. The last toilet which produced this much-desired sensation deserves a description: It was made of two skirts of white tulle; the upper one was draped, and both were elaborately ornamented with puffings of tulle and satin, trimmed with an infinite quantity of small larks' heads, the beaks of which were used for fastening down the tulle and satin puffs. The head-dress consisted of a spray of diamonds and a lark. We have heard of lark-puffs, but never before of dresses trimmed with larks. But birds of all descriptions are fashionable; the most tasteful head-dresses are made in Paris of peacocks' feathers, ravens' wings and magpies' tails.

The Pope's encyclical letter has only pleased one power, Austria, for even Spain and Bavaria regret it. In France and Italy it has been denounced with great spirit. In Russia it has met with the most bitter spirit, for even that barbarous power says that it is an attack upon truth and right.

The scientific world of Paris are much occupied by the experiments which M. Croaf intends making of

lying from the towers of Notre Dame by his new machine. He undertakes to remain suspended in the air with as much ease as a bird.

Such is the demand for Lord Derby's translation of Homer that the publisher has the greatest trouble to supply the booksellers.

A young woman of London has been transported for house-breaking and then robbing young men. She had trapped a young midshipman into marrying her, while he was under the influence of drugged liquor.

Prince Napoleon has been designated by the Emperor, with the consent of the Empress, to be Regent of France, should he die during the minority of the Prince Imperial. This has given great offence to the Catholics, as the prince is known to be a bitter enemy of the Papal party.

Capt. Corbett, who commanded the pirate ship Sea King, now the Shenandoah, has been admitted to bail to take his trial for enlisting sailors to war against the United States.

The official *Globe* denies the report that either gunboats or troops will be sent to Canada.

Art, Science and Literature.—At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, a note was read from M. M. Lapeyrouse communicating the remarkable fact that silkworms which have been fed with leaves of an ungrafted mulberry tree produce finer silk in larger quantity than those which have been reared with leaves of a grafted tree.

The model of a new electro-magnetic locomotive is now exhibiting at Versailles, France. Its inventors, MM. Bellet and Rouvre, assert that locomotives constructed on their principle could travel on ordinary railroads at the rate of 124 miles an hour! The power is obtained by magnetising and demagnetising by means of a current supplied by a fixed battery, and it is said, utilizes only a small part of the force developed.

A pneumatic loom is at work in London. It is driven by the action of compressed air. We are informed that in the old loom the average rate of speed is 180 strokes (representing the passage of the shuttle across the web of the fabric on the loom) per minute; and that, by the new process, 60 more strokes may be obtained. This invention promises to be of national importance.

M. Caudery, an engineer of Lausanne, Switzerland, has applied the galvanic battery to the sharpening of needles and pins, by connecting a bundle of wires with the negative pole in a most ingenious manner. The process is said to be cheaper than the present method, which is also very injurious to the health of the workpeople, in consequence of the fine metallic dust disengaged.

A new comet was discovered on the 29th ult. by Prof. Respighi, of Bologna, Italy, in the constellation of Aquila.

The Imperial Library at Paris contains 2,000,000 printed works, 200,000 manuscripts, 3,000,000 engravings, and above 500,000 maps, plans and views.

A fisherman recently hauled up a silver fork, marked "Atlantic," near the spot in Long Island Sound where the steamer Atlantic was wrecked on Nov. 27, 1864. It is described as a very heavy, old-fashioned silver fork, bearing marks of long immersion in water.

Chit-Chat.—An innocent old lady, who never before had "rid on a railroad," was passenger on one of the Vermont railroads at the time of a recent collision, when a freight train collided with a passenger train, smashing one of the cars, killing several passengers, and upsetting things generally. As soon as he could recover his scattered senses, the conductor went in search of the venerable dame, whom he found sitting solitary and alone in the car (the other passengers having sought terra firma) with a very placid expression upon her countenance, notwithstanding she had made a complete somersault over the seat in front, and her bonnet and bundle had gone unceremoniously down the passage way. "Are you hurt?" inquired the conductor. "Hurt, why?" said the old lady. "We have just been run into by a freight train, two or three passengers have been killed, and several others severely injured." "La me! I didn't know but that was the way you always stopped."

A person who signs himself "Jones" asks the New York Evening Post whether, if Admiral Porter makes many more reports about the Fort Fisher business, he might not be called Admiral Reporter?

An "intelligent Frenchman" is about to open a cooking academy in New York, where a course of 20 lessons will turn out professional cooks armed with diplomas, to bake, boil, roast and stew. The exercises of this culinary academy are so arranged that mistresses and servants come on alternate days—provided the former are ambitious to learn the secrets of the kitchen.

In an article in the *United States Service Magazine* the following hard-luck story is told: "It appears the boxes in which the 'teck' is packed always bear the brand of the baker or maker, and a lot which arrived in the camp of the 5th New York Excelsior, with the mark 'B. C. 663' caused much speculation among the 'boys' as to what it meant. It was finally agreed unanimously that it must be the date when the crackers were made—603 years before Christ."

A young lady was recently cured of palpitation of the heart, by a young doctor, in the most natural way imaginable. He held one of her hands in his, put his arm round her waist, and whispered something in her left ear.

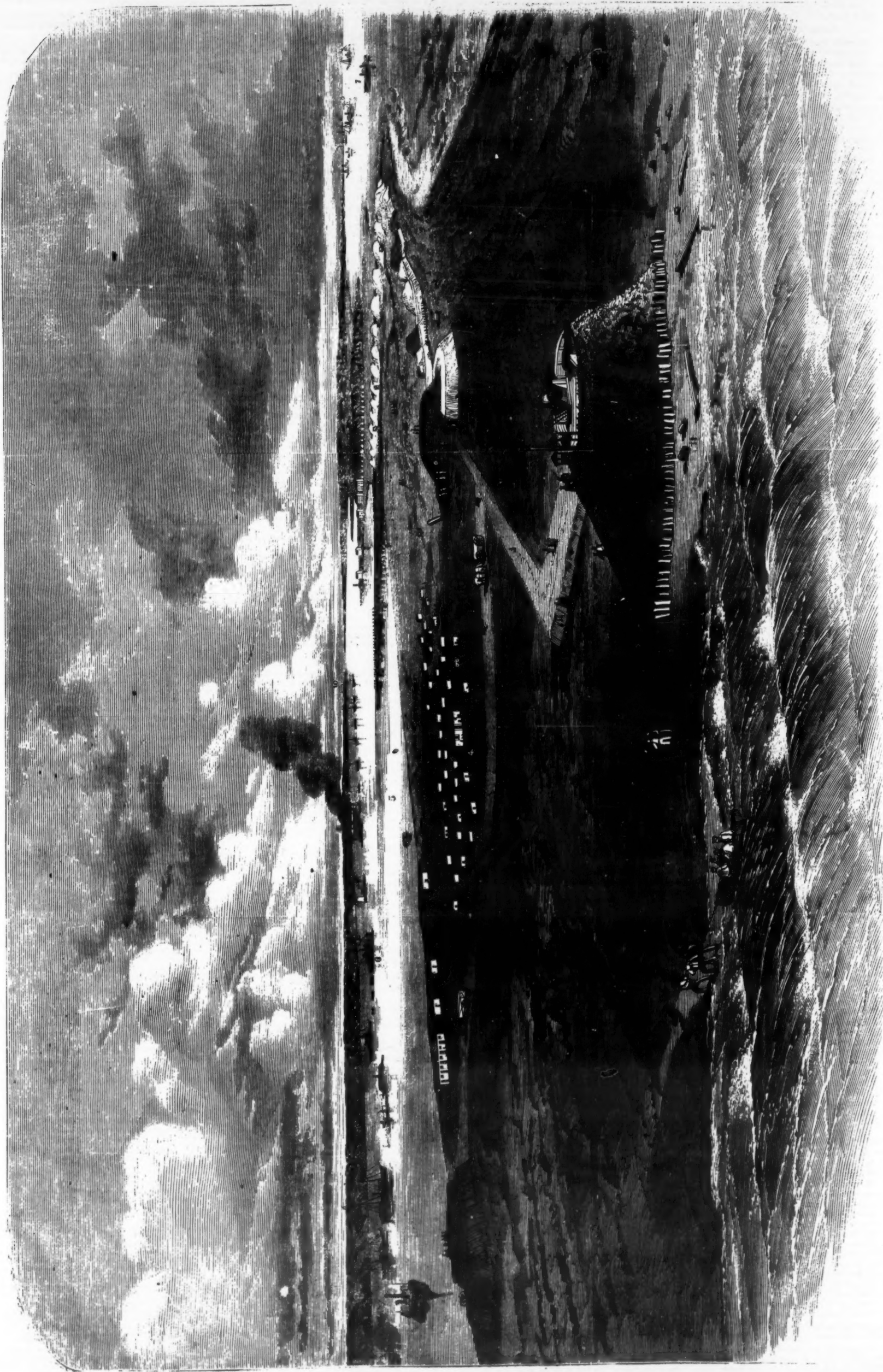
An Austrian officer has lately died who has left his estate to his nephew on condition that he shall never read a newspaper. To secure compliance with this wish he left large legacies to three of his friends, whom he charges to keep strict watch over his nephew by turns. In the event of his infringing the prohibition he will be immediately deprived of his estates.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE for February is fully equal to any former number of that standard monthly. The fashions department, it is known as the "Gazette of Fashion," is the most complete and elegant compendium of information on that subject ever offered to the ladies.—*Bridgeport (Ct.) Daily Farmer.*

THE HUMAN HAIR.—The ordinary length of the hair of the head in woman varies from 20 to 36 inches, in some instances longer even than that, but they are of unusual occurrence; its weight from five to eight ounces. A contemporary relates an instance where the hair on a lady's head attained the measurement of six feet in length; and quotes, as an admirable simile, the hair of the lady to which the poet refers when he relates how:

"Like her, to whom at dead of night,
The bridegroom, with his locks of light
Came in the blush of love and pride,
And scaled the terrace of his bride.
When, as she saw him rashly spring,
And midway down in danger clung,
She threw him down her long black hair,
Exclaiming, 'beastie, there, love, there.'"

But its proper length for texture and strength should not exceed 24 inches, and its value as long hair is much depreciated in price when it falls shorter. It has been calculated by Withof that the beard grows at the rate of a line and a half per week, which gives a length of six inches and a half in the case of the year, while for a man 80 years of age 27 feet would have fallen before the razor. We are informed that the Lord of Burgomaster Hans Steinung was so long that upon one occasion, having forgotten to fold up his smock, he trod upon it as he succeeded to the Council Chamber of Buren, and was thereby thrown down and killed. And still further we may cite from Eble, that at the Prince's Court at Egidan there is a full-length painting of a carpenter, whose beard was nine feet long, so that when engaged at work he was obliged to carry it in a bag. In the British Industrial Exhibition of 1863 there were exhibited specimens of human hair taken from the heads of English, French and Italian ladies; the longest specimen having been cut from an Englishwoman. It was a lock of jet black hair, and measured 74 inches in length!



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF FORT FISHER, N. C., WITH THE MOUND BATTERY, FORT BUCHANAN AND A PART OF THE U. S. FLEET.---FROM A SKETCH TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE CAPTURE BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BECKER.



EXTERIOR LINE OF REBEL WORKS, THREE MILES AND A HALF WEST OF SAVANNAH, GA., ABANDONED BY THE CONFEDERATE TROOPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

CLOSE UP.

BY CHARLES GATES.

"Close up!" it was the sole command
The leader uttered then;
"Close up!" the sword dropped from his hand,
"Close up!—oh, God!—my men;
Close up!" he waved them off, and on,
And never spoke again.



The two words won; they were the sign
By which each living force
Bears down on every rampart-line
That stands before its course,
And conquers; words are very strong
When Death is at their source.

"Close up!" the growths of Nature press
To each in close embrace,
Does blighting chance make one the less
Another fills its place,
And Nature keeps the triumph-smile
For ever on her face.

"Close up!" no gap the stricken year
Leaves in the front of Time—
The ages close for ever near
Along their march sublime,
And failure on Time's pages is
A yet unwritten crime.

"Close up!" the conquering mandate by
Humanity is given;
Right's battle fails not though men die,
The hosts of Wrong are driven;
And earth shall yet with victor souls
Be populous as heaven.

Nature and Time, Humanity
Unto that leader gave
The two words of their battle cry
That ne'er have failed to save—
And fitly shaped his closing lips
For victory and the grave.

The Fate of the Forrests.

PART II.

THE nine days' wonder at the sudden wedding which followed that strange betrothal had died away, the honeymoon was over, and the bridal pair were alone together in their new home. Ursula stood at the window looking out, with eyes as wistful as a caged bird's, upon the fading leaves that fluttered in the autumn wind. Her husband lay on his couch, apparently absorbed in a vellum-covered volume, the cabalistic characters of which were far easier to decipher than the sweet, wan face he was studying covertly. The silence which filled the room was broken by a long sigh of pain as the book fell from Stahl's hand, and his head leaned wearily upon the pillow. Ursula heard the

sigh, and, like a softly moving shadow, glided to his side, poured wine from an antique flask, and kneeling, held it to his lips. He drank thirstily, but the cordial seemed to impart neither strength nor comfort, for he drew his wife's head down beside him, saying:

"Kiss me, Ursula; I am so faint and cold, nothing seems to warm my blood, and my body freezes, while my heart burns with a never-dying fire."

With a meek obedience that robbed the act of all tenderness, she touched her ruddy lips to the paler ones that ardently returned the pressure, yet found no satisfaction there. Leaning upon his arm, he held her to him with a fierce fondness, in strange contrast to his feeble frame, saying earnestly:



THE MYSTERY REVEALED.

"Ursula, before I married you I found such strength and solace, such warmth and happiness in your presence, that I coveted you as a precious healing for my broken health. Then I loved you, forgetful of self—loved you as you never will be loved again, and thanked heaven that my fate was so interwoven with your own that the utterance of a word secured my life's desire. But now, when I have made you wholly mine, and hope to bask



URSULA IN PRISON.

in the sunshine of your beauty, youth and womanhood, I find a cold, still creature in my arms, and no spark of the fire that consumes me ever warms the image of my love. Must it be so? Can I never see you what you were again?"

"Never!" she answered, leaning there as pale and passive as if she were in truth a marble woman. "I vowed obedience at the altar, nothing more. I did not love you; I could not honor you, but I felt that I might learn to obey. I have done so, be content."

"Not I! Colder women have been taught love as well as obedience; you, too, shall be a docile pupil, and one day give freely what I sue for now. Other men woo before they wed, my wooing and my winning will come later—if I live long enough."

He turned her face towards him as he spoke and scanned it closely; but no grateful sign of softness, pity or regret appeared, and, with a broken exclamation, he put her from him, locked both hands across his eyes and lay silent, till some uncontrollable paroxysm of emotion had passed by. Presently he spoke, and the words betrayed what the pain had been.

"My mother—heaven bless her for her tenderness!—used to pray that her boy's life might be a long and happy one; it is a bitter thing to feel that the only woman now left me to love prays for the shortening of that same life, and can bestow no look or word to make its failing hours happy."

The unwonted tone of filial affection, the keen sorrow and the mournful acknowledgment of an inevitable doom touched Ursula as no ardent de-

monstration or passionate reproach had ever done. She softly lifted up the folded hands, saw that those deep eyes were wet with tears, and in that pallid countenance read the melancholy record of a life burdened with a sad heritage of pain, thwarted by unhappy love and darkened by allegiance to a superstitious vow. Great as her sacrifice had been, deep as the wound still was, and heavily as her captivity weighed on her proud heart, it was still womanly, generous and gentle; and, despite all wrongs, all blunders, all bitter memories, she felt the fascination of this wild and wayward nature, as she had never done before, and yielded to its persuasive potency. Laying her cool hand on his hot forehead, she leaned over him, saying, with an accent of compassion sweeter to his ear than her most perfect song:

"No, Felix, I pray no prayers that heaven would refuse to grant. I only ask patience for myself, a serene spirit for you, and God's blessing upon Evan, wherever he may be."

Before the words of tender satisfaction which rose to Ståhl's lips could be uttered, a noiseless servant brought a black-edged card. Ursula read and handed it to her husband.

"Mrs. Heath. Shall we see her, love?" he asked.

"As you please," was the docile answer, though an expression of mingled pain and sorrow passed across her face in speaking.

He half frowned at her meekness, then smiled and bade the man deny them, adding, as he left the room,

"I am too well content with this first glimpse of the coming happiness to be saddened by the lamentations of that poor lady over her wilful daughter, who had the bad taste to drown herself upon our wedding-day."

"Felix, may I ask you a question?"

"Anything of me, Ursula?"

"Tell me what you whispered in Kate's ear on the evening which both of us remember well."

Questions were so rare, and proving a sign of interest, that Ståhl made haste to answer, with a curious blending of disdain and pity,

"She bade me tell her the most ardent desire of her life, and I dared to answer truly, 'To win my heart.'"

"A true answer, but a cruel one," Ursula said.

"That cruel truthfulness is one of the savage attributes which two generations of civilization cannot entirely subdue in my race. Those who tamely submit to me I despise, but those who oppose me I first conquer and then faithfully love."

"Had you made poor Kate happy, you would not now regret the possession of a cold, untender wife."

"Who would gather a gay tulip when they can reach a royal rose, though thorns tear the hand that seizes it? For even when it fades its perfume lingers, gifting it with an enduring charm. Love, I have found my rose, so let the tulip fade."

There he paused abruptly in his flowery speech, for with the swift instinct of a temperament like his, he was instantly conscious of the fact when her thoughts wandered, and a glance showed him that, though her attitude was unaltered, she was listening intently. A far-off bell had rung, the tones of a man's voice sounded from below, and the footsteps of an approaching servant grew audible. Ståhl recognised the voice, fancied that Ursula did also, and assured himself of it by an unsuspected test that took the form of a caress. Passing his arm about her waist, his hand lay lightly above her heart, and as her cousin's name was announced he felt the sudden bound that glad heart gave, and counted the rapid throbs that sent the color to her cheeks and made her lips tremble. A black frown lowered on his forehead, and his eyes glittered ominously for an instant, but both betrayals were unseen, and nothing marred the gracious sweetness of his voice.

"Of course you will see your cousin, Ursula. I shall greet him in passing, and return when you have enjoyed each other alone."

"Alone!" she echoed, with a distrustful look at him, an anxious one about the room, as if no place seemed safe or sacred in that house where she was both mistress and slave.

He understood the glance, and answered with one so reproachful that she blushed for the ungenerous suspicion, as he said, with haughty emphasis:

"Yes, Ursula, alone. Whatever evil names I may deserve, those of spy and eavesdropper cannot be applied to me; and though my wife can neither love nor honor me, I will prove that she may trust me."

With that he left her, and meeting Evan just without, offered his hand frankly, and gave his welcome with a cordial grace that was irresistible. Evan could not refuse the hand, for on it shone a little ring which Ursula once wore, and yielding to the impulse awakened by that mute reminder of her, he betrayed exactly what his host desired to know, for instantaneous as was both recognition and submission, Ståhl's quick eye divined the cause.

"Come often to us, Evan; forget the past, and remember only that through Ursula we are kindred now. She is waiting for you; go to her and remain as long as you incline, sure of a hearty welcome from both host and hostess."

Then he passed on, and Evan hurried to his cousin, eager, yet reluctant to meet her, lest in her face he should read some deeper mystery or greater change than he last saw there. She came to meet him smiling and serene, for whatever gust of joy or sorrow had swept over her, no trace of it remained; yet, when he took her in his arm, there broke from him the involuntary exclamation:

"Is this my cousin Ursula?"

"Yes, truly. Am I then so altered?"

"This is a reflection of what you were; that of what you are. Look, and tell me if I have not cause for wonder."

She did look as he drew a miniature from his bosom and led her to the mirror. The contrast was startling even to herself, for the painted face

glowed with rosy bloom, hope shone in the eyes, happiness smiled from the lips, while youthful purity and peace crowned the fair forehead with enchanting grace. The living face was already wan and thin, many tears had robbed the cheeks of color, sleepless nights had dimmed the lustre of the eyes, much secret suffering and strife had hardened the soft curves of the mouth and deepened the lines upon the brow. Ever among the dark waves of her hair silver threads shone here and there, unhidden, perhaps unknown; and over the whole woman a subtle blight had fallen, more tragical than death. Silently she compared the two reflections, for the first time realising all that she had lost, yet as she returned the miniature she only said, with pathetic patience:

"I am not what I was, but my heart remains unchanged, believe that, Evan."

"I do. Tell me, Ursula, are you happy now?" Her eyes rose to his, and over her whole face there shone the sudden magic of a glow warmer and brighter than a smile.

"I am supremely happy now."

It was impossible to doubt her truth, however past facts or present appearances might seem to belie it, and Evan was forced to believe, despite his disappointment.

"He is kind to you, Ursula? You suffer no neglect, no tyranny nor wrong from this strange man?" he asked, still haunted by vague doubts.

She waved her hand about the lovely room, delicately dainty as a bride's bower should be, and answered, with real feeling:

"Does this look as if I suffered any neglect or wrong? Every want and whim is seen and gratified before expressed; I go and come unwatched, unquestioned; the winds of heaven are not allowed to visit me too roughly, and as for kindness, look there and see a proof of it."

She pointed to the garden where her husband walked alone, never quitting the wide terrace just below her window, though the sunshine that he loved had faded from the spot, and the autumn winds he dreaded blew gustily about him. He never lifted up his eyes, nor paused, nor changed his thoughtful attitude, but patiently paced to and fro, a mute reproach for Ursula's unjust suspicion.

"How frail he looks; if life with you cannot revive him he must be past hope."

Evan spoke involuntarily, and Ursula's hand half checked the words upon his lips; but neither looked the other in the face, and neither owned, even to themselves, how strong a hidden wish had grown.

"He will live because he resolves to live, for that frail body holds the most indomitable spirit I have ever known. But let me tell you why he lingers where every breath brings pain," said Ursula, and having told him, she added:

"Is not that both a generous and a gentle rebuke for an unkind doubt?"

"It is either a most exquisite piece of loverlike devotion or of consummate art. I think it is the latter, for he knows you well, and repays great sacrifices by graceful small ones, which touch and charm your woman's heart."

"You wrong him, Evan, and aversion blinds you to the better traits I have learned to see. An all-absorbing love ennobles the most sinful man, and makes it possible for some woman to forgive and cling to him."

"I have no right to ask, but the strange spirit that has taken possession of you baffles and disquiets me past endurance. Tell me, Ursula, what you would not tell before, do you truly, tenderly love this man whom you have married?"

The question was uttered with an earnestness so solemn that it forced a truthful answer, and she looked up at him with the old frankness unobscured by any cloud, as she replied:

"But for one thing I should long ago have learned to love him. I know this, because even now I cannot wholly close my heart against the ardent affection that patiently appeals to it."

"And that one thing, that cursed mystery which has wrecked two lives, when am I to know it, Ursula?"

"Never till I lie on my deathbed, and not even then, unless—"

She caught back the words hovering on her lips, but her eye glanced furtively upon the solitary figure pacing there below, and Evan impetuously finished the broken sentence:

"Unless he is already dead—let it be so; I shall wait and yet prove his prophecy a false one by winning and wearing you when his baleful love is powerless."

"He is my husband, Evan, remember that. Now come with me, I am going to him, for he must not shiver there when I can give him the warmth his tropical nature loves."

But Evan would not go, and soon left her plunged in a new sea of anxious conjectures, doubts and dreads. Ståhl awaited his wife's approach, saying within himself as he watched her coming under the gold and scarlet arches of the leafy walk, with unwonted elasticity in her step, color on her cheeks and smiles upon her lips:

"Good! I have found the spell that turns my snow image into flesh and blood; I will use it and enjoy the summer of her presence while I may."

He did use it, but so warily and well that though Ursula and Evan were dimly conscious of some unseen yet controlling hand that ruled their intercourse and shaped events, they found it hard to believe that studious invalid possessed and used such power. Evan came daily, and daily Ursula regained some of her lost energy and bloom, till an almost preternatural beauty replaced the pale loveliness her face had worn, and she seemed to glow and brighten with an inward fire, like some brilliant flower that held the fervor of a summer in its heart and gave it out again in one fair, fragrant hour.

Like a watchful shadow Evan haunted his cousin, conscious that they were drifting down a troubled stream without a pilot, yet feeling powerless to guide or govern his own life, so inextricably was it bound up in Ursula's. He saw that the

vigor and vitality his presence gave her was absorbed by her husband, to whom she was a more potent stimulant than rare winds, balmy airs or costly drugs. He knew that the stronger nature subdued the weaker, and the failing life sustained itself by draining the essence of that other life, which, but for some sinister cross of fate, would have been an ever springing fountain of joy to a more generous and healthful heart.

The blind world applauded Felix Ståhl's success, and envied him the splendid wife in whose affluent gifts of fortune, mind and person he seemed to revel with luxurious delight. It could not see the secret bitterness that poisoned peace; could not guess the unavailing effort, unappeased desire and fading hope that each day brought him; nor fathom the despair that filled his soul as he saw and felt the unmistakable tokens of his coming fate in hollow temples, wasting flesh and a mortal weariness that knew no rest; a despair rendered doubly bitter by the knowledge of his impotence to prevent another from reaping what he had sown with painful care.

Ursula's hard won submission deserted her when Evan came, for in reanimating the statue Ståhl soon felt that he had lost his slave and found a master. The heart which had seemed slowly yielding to his efforts closed against him in the very hour of fancied conquest. No more meek services, no more pity shown in spite of pride, no more docile obedience to commands that wore the guise of entreaties. The captive spirit woke and beat against its bars, passionately striving to be free, though not a cry escaped its lips. Very soon her recovered gaiety departed, and her life became a vain effort to forget, for like all impetuous natures she sought oblivion in excitement and hurried from one scene of pleasure to another, finding rest and happiness in none. Her husband went with her everywhere, recklessly squandering the strength she gave him in a like fruitless quest till sharply checked by warnings which could no longer be neglected.

One night in early spring when winter gaieties were drawing to a close, Ursula came down to him shining in festival array, with the evening fever already burning in her cheeks, the expectant glitter already kindling in her eyes, and every charm heightened with that skill which in womanly women is second nature. Not for his pride or pleasure had she made herself so fair, he knew that well, and the thought lent its melancholy to the tone in which he said:

"Ursula, I am ready, but so unutterably weak and weary that I cannot go."

"I can go without you. Be so good," and quite unmoved by the suffering that rarely found expression, she held her hand to him that he might clasp her glove. He rose to perform the little service with that courtesy which never failed him, asking, as he bent above the hand with trembling fingers and painful breath,

"Does Evan go with you?"

"Yes, he never fails me, he has neither weakness nor weariness to mar my pleasure or to thwart my will."

"Truly a tender and a wifely answer."

"I am not tender nor wifely; why assume the virtues which I never shall possess? They were not set down in the bond; that I fulfilled to the letter when I married you, and beyond the wearing of your name and ring I owe you nothing. Do I?"

"Yes, a little gratitude for the sincerity that placed a doomed life in your keeping; a little respect for the faith I have kept unbroken through all temptations; a little compassion for a malady that but for you would make my life a burden I would gladly lay down."

Time was when words like these would have touched and softened her, but not now, for she had reached the climax of her suffering, the extent of her endurance, and turning on him she gave vent to the passionate emotion which could no longer be restrained:

"I should have given you much gratitude if in helping me to save one life you had not doomed another. I should honestly respect the faith you boast of if such costly sacrifices were not demanded for its keeping. I should deeply pity that mortal malady if you had bravely borne it alone instead of seeking a selfish solace in bequeathing it to another. I tell you, Felix, you are killing me swiftly and surely by this dreadful life. Better end me at once than drive me mad, or leave me a strong soul prisoned in a feeble body like yourself."

For the first time in his life Ståhl felt the touch of fear, not for himself but for her, lest that terrible affliction which so baffles human skill and science should fall upon the woman whom he loved with a selfish intensity which had tangled two lives and brought them to this pass.

"Hush, Ursula," he said, soothingly, "have patience, I shall soon be gone, and then—what will you do then?"

The question leaped to his lips, for at the word "gone" he saw the gloom lift from her face, leaving an expression of relief that unmistakably betrayed how heavily her burden had oppressed her. Undaunted by the almost fierce inquiry she fixed her eyes upon him, and answered steadily:

"I shall put off my bridal white, wear widow's weeds for a single year, and then—there she, too, paused abruptly; but words were needless, for as Evan's step sounded on the stair she turned and hurried towards him, as if love, liberty and life all lay waiting for her there. Ståhl watched them with a jealous pang that pierced the deeper as, remembering Ursula's taunt, he compared the young man with himself; the one rich in the stature, vigor, comeliness that make a manly man; the other, in sad truth, a strong spirit imprisoned in a ruined body. As he looked he clenched his pale hand hard, and muttered low between his set teeth:

"He shall not have her, if I sell my soul to thwart him!"

To Ursula's intense surprise and Evan's annoyance Ståhl followed them into the carriage, with a

a brief apology for his seeming caprice. No one spoke during the short drive, but as they came into the brilliant rooms Ursula's surprise deepened to alarm, for in the utter change of mien and manner which had befallen her husband she divined the presence of some newborn purpose, and trembled for the issue. Usually he played the distasteful part of invalid with a grace and skill which made the undisguisable fact a passport to the sympathy and admiration of both men and women. But that night no vigorous young man bore himself more debonnaire, danced more indefatigably, or devoted himself more charmingly to the service of matron, maid and grateful hostess. Lost in amazement, Ursula and Evan watched him, gliding to and fro, vivacious, blithe and bland, leaving a trail of witty, wise or homely words behind him, and causing many a glance of approval to follow that angular countenance, for now its accustomed pallor was replaced by a color no art could counterfeit, and the mysterious eyes burned with a fire that fixed and fascinated other eyes.

"What does it mean, Evan?" whispered Ursula, standing apart with her faithful shadow.

"Mischief, if I read it rightly," was the anxious answer, and at that moment, just before them, the object of their thoughts was accosted by a jovial gentleman, who exclaimed:

"God bless me, Ståhl! Rumor said you were dying, like a liar as she is, and here I find you looking more like a bridegroom than when I left you at the altar six months ago."

"For once rumor tells the truth, Coventry. I am dying, but one may make their exit gracefully and end their tragedy or comedy with a grateful bow! I have had a generous share of pleasure; I thank the world for it; I make my adieu to-night, and tranquilly go home to rest."

Spoken with an untroubled smile the words were both touching and impressive, and the friendly Coventry was obliged to clear his voice before he could answer with an assumption of cheery unbelief:

"Not yet, my dear fellow, not yet; we cannot spare you this forty years, and with such a wife what right have you to talk of ending the happy drama which all predict your life will be?" then glad to change the subject, he added: "Apropos of predictions, do take pity on my curiosity and tell me if it is true that you entertained a party with some very remarkable prophecies, or something of that sort, just before your marriage with Miss Forrest. Hay once spoke mysteriously of it, but he went to the bad so soon after that I never made him satisfy me."

"I did comply with a lady's wish, but entertainment was not the result. I told Hay, what all the world knew, the next day, that certain dishonorable transactions of his were discovered, and warrants out for his arrest, and they hurried home to find my warning true."

"Yes, no one dreamed of such an end for the gay captain. I don't ask how your discovery was made, but I do venture to inquire if Miss Heath's tragical death was foretold that night?"

"That which indirectly caused her death was made known to her that night, but for her sake you will pardon me that I keep the secret."

"A thousand pardons for asking, and yet I am tempted to put one more question. You look propitious, so pray tell me if your other predictions were fulfilled with equal success?"

"Yes; sooner or later they always are."

"Upon my life, that's very singular! Just for the amusement of the thing make one now, and let me see if your skill remains undiminished. Nothing personal, you know, but some general prediction that any one may know and verify."

Ståhl paused a moment, bending his eyes on Ursula, who stood unseen by his companion, then answered slowly with a memorable tone and aspect:

"I prophesy that before the month is out the city will be startled by a murder, and the culprit will elude justice by death."

Coventry's florid countenance paled visibly, and hastily returning thanks for the undesirable favor so complacently granted, he took himself away to whisper the evil portent in the ears of all he met. As he disappeared Ståhl advanced to his wife, asking with an air of soft solicitude:

"Are you weary, love? or will you dance? Your cousin is negligent to-night."

"Oh, no, I have not wished to dance. Let us go now, and Evan, come to me to-morrow evening, when you will find a few friends and much music," she answered, with an unquiet glance at her husband, a significant one at her cousin, who obeyed it by leaving them with a silent bow.

The homeward drive was as quiet as the other had been, and when they alighted Ståhl followed his wife into the drawing-room; there, dropping wearily into a seat, he removed the handkerchief which had been pressed to his lips, and she saw that it was steeped in blood.

"Pardon me—it was unavoidable. Please ring for Marjory," he said, feebly.

Ursula neither spoke nor stirred, but stood regarding him with an expression which alarmed him, it was so full of a strange, stern triumph. It gave him strength to touch the bell, and when the faithful old woman who had nursed him from his babyhood came hurrying in, to say quietly:

"Take that ugly thing away, and bring my drops; also your mistress's vinaigrette, she needs it."

"Not she, the icicle," muttered Marjory, who adored her master, and heartily disliked her mistress because she did not do likewise.

When the momentary faintness had cleared away Ståhl's quick eye at once took in the scene before him. Marjory was carefully preparing the draught, and Ursula stood watching her with curious intences.

"What is that?" she asked, as the old woman put down the tiny vial, containing a colorless and scentless liquid.

"Poison, madam, one drop of which will restore

life, while a dozen will bring a sure and sudden death."

Ursula took up the little vial, read the label containing both the medicine and its maker's name, and laid it back again with a slight motion of head and lips, as if she gave a mute assent to some secret suggestion. Marjory's lamentations as she moved about him drew the wife's eyes to her husband, and meeting his she asked coldly:

"Can I help you?"

"Thanks, Marjory will tend me. Good-night, you'll not be troubled with me long."

"No, I shall not; I have borne enough."

She spoke low to herself, but both listeners heard her, and the old woman sternly answered:

"May the Lord forgive you for that speech, madam."

"He will, for He sees the innocent and the guilty, and He knows my sore temptation."

Then without another look or word she left them with the aspect of one walking in an evil dream.

All night Marjory hovered about her master, and early in the morning his physician came. A few words assured Ståhl that his hour was drawing very near, and that whatever work remained to be done must be accomplished speedily. He listened calmly to the truth which he had forced from the reluctant doctor, and when he paused made no lament, but said, with more than his accustomed gentleness:

"You will oblige me by concealing this fact from my wife. It is best to let it break upon her by merciful degrees."

"I understand, sir, I will be dumb; but I must caution you not to exert or agitate yourself in the least, for any undue exertion or excitement would be fatal in your weak state."

The worthy doctor spoke earnestly, but to his infinite amazement and alarm his patient rose suddenly from the couch on which he lay half-dressed, and standing erect before him, said forcibly, while his hollow cheeks burned crimson, and his commanding eye almost enforced belief in his assertion:

"You are mistaken; I am not weak, for I have done with fear as well as hope, and if I choose to barter my month of life for one hour, one moment of exertion or excitement, I have the right to do it."

He paused, took breath, and added:

"My wife intended to receive her friends to-night; she must not be disappointed, therefore you will not only tell her I am in no danger, but add that an unexpected crisis in my malady has come, and that with care and a season at the South I shall yet be a hale and hearty man. Grant me this favor, I shall not forget it."

The doctor was both a poor and a timid man; his generous but eccentric patient was a fortune to him; the falsehood seemed a kind one; the hint of a rich remembrance was irresistible, and bowing his acquiescence, he departed to obey directions to the letter.

All that day Ursula sat in her room writing steadily, and all that day her husband watched and waited for her coming, but sent no invitation and received no message. At dusk she went out alone. Her departure was unheard and unseen by any but the invalid, whose every sense was alert; his quick ear caught the soft rustle of her dress as she passed his door, and dragging himself to the window he saw her glide away, wrapped in a shrouding cloak. At that night Ståhl's hand was lifted to the bell, but he dropped it, saying to himself:

"No, if she did not mean to return she would have taken care to tell me she was coming back; women always betray themselves by too much art. I have it! she has been writing, Marjory says; the letter is to Evan; she fears he may not come to-night, and trusts no one but herself to post it. I must assure myself of this."

Nerved with new strength, he went down into the dairy room so happily prepared and dedicated to Ursula's sole use. It was empty, but the charm of her presence lingered there, and every graceful object spoke of her. Lights burned upon the writing-table; the ink was still wet in the pen, and scattered papers confirmed the report of her day's employment; but no written word was visible, no note or packet anywhere appeared. A brief survey satisfied her husband, and assured him of the truth of his suspicion.

"Oh, for an hour of my old strength to end this entanglement like a man, instead of being forced to wait for time and chance to aid me like a timorous woman," he sighed, looking out into the wild March night, tormented by an impotent desire to follow his truant wife, yet conscious that it was impossible unless he left a greater work undone, for hourly he felt his power decline, and one dark purpose made him tenacious of the life fast slipping from his hold.

For many moments he stood thinking deeply, so deeply that the approach of a light, rapid step roused him too late for escape. It was his wife's step; why was she returning so soon? Had her heart failed her? Had some unforeseen occurrence thwarted her? She had not been absent long enough to post a letter to reach Evan's lodgings, or the house of any friend, then where had she been? An uncontrollable impulse caused Ståhl to step noiselessly into the shadow of a curtained recess as these thoughts flashed through his mind, and hardly had he done so when Ursula hurried in, wet, wild-eyed and breathless, but wearing a look of pale determination which gave place to an expression of keen anxiety as she glanced about the room as if in search of something. Presently she murmured half aloud, "He shall never say again that I do not trust his honor. Lie there in safety till I need you, little friend," and lifting the cover of a carved ivory casket that ornamented the low chimney-piece, she gave some treasure to its keeping, saying, as she turned away with an air of feverish excitement, "Now for Evan and my liberty!"

Nothing stirred in the room but the flicker of the fire and the softly moving pendulum of the clock that pointed to the hour of seven, till the

door of Ursula's distant dressing-room closed behind her and a bell had summoned her maid. Then, from the recess, Ståhl went straight to the ivory ornament and laid his hand upon its lid, yet paused long before he lifted it. The simple fact of her entire trust in him at any other time would have been the earnest safeguard of her secret; even now it restrained him by appealing to that inconsistent code of honor which governs many a man who would shoot his dearest friend for a hot word, and yet shrink with punctilious pride from breaking the seal of any letter that did not bear his name. Ståhl hesitated till her last words stung his memory, making his own perfidy seem slight compared to hers. "I have a right to know," he said, "for when she forgets her honor I must preserve mine at any cost." A rapid gesture uncovered the casket, and showed him nothing but a small, sealed bottle, lying alone upon the velvet lining. A harmless little thing it looked, yet Ståhl's face whitened terribly, and he staggered to a seat, as if the glance he gave had shown him his own death-warrant. He believed it had, for in size, shape, label and colorless contents the little vial was the counterpart of another last seen in Ursula's hand, one difference only in the two—that had been nearly empty, this was full to the lip.

In an instant her look, tone, gesture of the preceding night returned to him, and with the vivid recollection came the firm conviction that Ursula had yielded to a black temptation, and in her husband's name had purchased her husband's death. Till now no feeling but the intensest love had filled his heart towards her; Evan he had learned to hate, himself to despise, but of his wife he had made an idol and worshipped her with a blind passion that would not see defects, own disloyalty or suspect deceit.

From any other human being the treachery would not have been so base, but from her it was doubly bitter, for she knew and owned her knowledge of his exceeding love. "Am I not dying fast enough for her impatience? Could she not wait a little, and let me go happy in my ignorance?" he cried within himself, forgetting in the anguish of that moment the falsehood told her at his bidding, for the furtherance of another purpose as sinful but less secret than her own. How time passed he no longer knew nor cared, as leaning his head upon his hands, he took counsel with his own unquiet heart, for all the evil passions, the savage impulses of his nature were aroused, and raged rebelliously in utter defiance of the feeble prison that confined them. Like all strong yet selfish souls, the wrongs he had committed looked to him very light compared with this, and seeing only his own devotion, faith and patience, no vengeance seemed too heavy for a crime that would defraud him of his poor remnant of unhappy life. Suddenly he lifted up his head, and on his face was stamped a ruthless, reckless purpose, which no earthly power could check or stay. An awesome smile touched his white lips, and the ominous fierceness glittered in his eye—for he was listening to a devil that sat whispering in his heart.

"I shall have my hour of excitement sooner than I thought," he said low to himself, as he left the room, carrying the vial with him. "My last prediction will be verified, although the victim and the culprit are one, and Evan shall live to wish that Ursula had died before me."

An hour later Ursula came to him as he sat gloomily before his chamber fire, while Marjory stood tempting him to taste the cordial she had brought. As if some impassable and unseen abyss already yawned between them, she gave him neither wifely caress nor evening greeting, but pausing opposite, said, with an inclination of her handsome head, which would have seemed a haughty courtesy but for the gentle coldness of her tone:

"I have obeyed the request you sent me, and made ready to receive the friends whose coming would else have been delayed. Is it your pleasure that I excuse you to them, or will you join us as you have often done when other invalids would fear to leave their beds?"

Her husband looked at her as she spoke, wondering what woman's whim had led her to assume a dress rich in itself, but lustreless and sombre as a mourning garb, its silken darkness relieved only by the gleam of fair arms through folds of costly lace, and a knot of roses, scarcely whiter than the bosom they adorned.

"Thanks for your compliance, Ursula. I will come down later in the evening for a moment to receive congratulations on the restoration promised me. Shall I receive yours then?"

"No, now, for now I can wish you a long and happy life, can rejoice that time is given you to learn a truer faith, and ask you to forgive me if in thought, or word, or deed I have wronged or wounded you."

Strangely sweet and solemn was her voice, and for the first time in many months her old smile shed its serene sunshine on her face, touching it with a meeker beauty than that which it had lost. Her husband shot one glance at her as the last words left her lips, then veiled the eyes that blazed with sudden scorn and detestation. His voice was always under his control, and tranquilly it answered her, while his heart cried out within him:

"I forgive as I would be forgiven, and trust that the coming years will be to you all that I desire to have them. Go to your pleasures, Ursula, and let me hear you singing, whether I am there or here."

"Can I do nothing else for you, Felix, before I go?" she asked, pausing, as she turned away, as if some involuntary impulse ruled her.

Ståhl smiled a strange smile as he said, pointing to the goblet and the minute bottle Marjory had just placed on the table at his side:

"You shall sweeten a bitter draught for me by mixing it, and I will drink to you when I take it by-and-by."

His eye was on her now, keen, cold and stead-

fast, as she drew near to serve him. He saw the troubled look she fixed upon the cup, he saw her hand tremble as she poured the one safe drop, and heard a double meaning in her words:

"This is the first, I hope it may be the last time that I shall need to pour this dangerous draught for you."

She laid down the nearly emptied vial, replaced the cup and turned again to go. But, as if bent on trying her to the utmost, though each test tortured him, Ståhl arrested her by saying, with an unwonted tremor in his voice, a rebellious tenderness in his eyes:

"Stay, Ursula, I may fall asleep and so not see you until—morning. Bid me good-night, my wife."

She went to him, as if drawn against her will, and for a moment they stood face to face, looking their last on one another in this life. Then Ståhl snatched her to him with an embrace almost savage in its passionate fervor, and Ursula kissed him once with the cold lips, that said, without a smile, "Good-night, my husband, sleep in peace!"

"Judas!" he muttered, as she vanished, leaving him spent with the controlled emotions of that brief interview. Old Marjory heard the word, and from that involuntary betrayal seemed to gather courage for a secret which had burned upon her tongue for two mortal hours. As Ståhl sunk again into his cushioned seat, and seemed about to relapse into his moody reverie, she leaned towards him, saying in a whisper:

"May I tell you something, sir?"

"Concerning what or whom, my old gossip?" he answered, listlessly, yet with even more than usual kindness, for now this humble, faithful creature seemed his only friend.

"My mistress, sir," she said, nodding significantly.

His face woke then, he sat erect, and with an eager gesture bade her speak.

"I've long mistrusted her; for ever since her cousin came she has not been the woman or the wife she was at first. It's not for me to meddle, but it's clear to see that if you were gone there'd be a wedding soon."

Ståhl frowned, eyed her keenly, seemed to catch some helpful hint from her indignant countenance, and answered, with a pensive smile:

"I know it, I forgive it; and am sure that, for my sake, you will be less frank to others. Is this what you wished to tell me, Marjory?"

"Bless your unsuspecting heart, I wish it was, sir. I heard her words last night, I watched her all to-day, and when she went out at dusk I followed her, and saw her buy it."

Ståhl started, as if about to give vent to some sudden passion, but repressed it, and with a look of well-feigned wonder, asked:

"Buy what?"

Marjory pointed silently to the table, upon which lay three objects, the cup, the little vial and a rose that had fallen from Ursula's bosom as she bent to render her husband the small service he had asked of her. There was no time to feign horror, grief or doubt, for a paroxysm of real pain seized him in its gripe, and served him better than any counterfeit of mental suffering could have done. He conquered it by the power of an inflexible spirit that would not yield yet, and laying his thin hand on Marjory's arm, he whispered, hastily:

"Hush! Never hint that again, I charge you. I bade her get it, my store was nearly gone, and I feared I should need it in the night."

The old woman read his answer as he meant she should, and laid her withered cheek down on his hand, saying, with the tearless grief of age:

"Always so loving, generous and faithful! You may forgive me, but I never can."

Neither spoke for several minutes, then Ståhl said:

"I will lie down and try to rest a little before I go."

The sentence remained unfinished, as, with a weary yet wistful air, he glanced about the shadowy room, asking, dumbly, "Where?" Then he shook off the sudden influence of some deeper sentiment than fear that for an instant thrilled and startled him.

"Leave me, Marjory, set the door ajar, and let me be alone until I ring."

She went, and for an hour he lay listening to the steps of gathering guests, the sound of music, the soft murmur of conversation, and the pleasant stir of life that filled the house with its social charm, making his solitude doubly deep, his mood doubly bitter. Once Ursula stole in, and finding him apparently asleep, paused for a moment studying the wan face, with its listless lids, its damp forehead and its pale lips, scarcely parted by the fitful breath, then, like a sombre shadow, flitted from the room again, unconscious that the closed eyes flashed wide to watch her go.

Presently there came a sudden hush, and borne on the wings of an entrancing air Ursula's voice came floating up to him, like the sweet, soft whisper of some better angel, imploring him to make a sad life noble by one just and generous action at its close. No look, no tone, no deed of patience, tenderness or self-sacrifice of hers but rose before him now, and pleaded for her with the magic of that unconscious lay. No ardent hope, no fair ambition, no high purpose of his youth, but came again to show the utter failure of his manhood, and in the hour darkened by a last temptation his benighted soul groped blindly for a firmer faith than that which superstition had defrauded of its virtue. Like many another man, for one short hour Felix Ståhl wavered between good and evil, and like so many a man in whom passion outweighs principle, evil won. As the magical music ceased, a man's voice took up the strain, a voice mellow, strong and clear, singing as if the exultant song were but the outpouring of a hopeful, happy heart. Like some wild creature wounded suddenly, Ståhl leaped from his couch and stood listening with an aspect which would have appalled the fair musician and struck the singer dumb.

"She might have spared me that!" he panted,

as through the heavy beating of his heart he heard the voice he hated lending music to the song he loved, a song of lovers parting in the summer night, whose dawn would break upon their wedding-day. Whatever hope of merciful relenting might have been kindled by one redeeming power was for ever quenched by that ill-timed air, for with a gesture of defiant daring, Ståhl drew the full vial from his breast, dashed its contents into the cup, and drained it to the dregs.

A long shudder crept over him as he set it down, then a pale peace dawned upon his face, as, laying his weary head upon the pillow it would never find sleepless any more, he pressed the rose against his lips, saying, with a bitter smile that never left his face again:

"I won my rose, and her thorn have pierced me to the heart; but my blight is on her, and no other man will wear her in his bosom when I am gone."

THE POTATO IN PERU.

We conclude our extracts from Mr. E. G. Squier's instructive address before the Farmers' Club of the American Institute, with the following, concerning the potatoes of Peru, and the mode of preserving them:

The potato is more used than any other article of food in Peru, where, as it is well known, it is indigenous. It is not extensively cultivated on the coast, but on the first range of ridges inland it grows in great perfection. The best variety is the *Papa amarilla* or yellow potato, which is unsurpassed for richness and flavor. It is grown in the *Lomas* 10 to 20 leagues back of Lima, and does not appear to bear transportation from certain favored localities. I am told it degenerates into the ordinary potato if planted on the coast or taken higher up in the Sierra.

High up in the Cordilleras of the Andes, the potato forms, with the *guinea*, the chief support of the people. Here however it is small, and presents several rather widely separated varieties, viz: the *Ulluco*, *Oca*, and *Maca*. The *Ulluco* is small, seldom larger than the English walnut, round and watery, of rather a sweet taste. Its leaf is like that of the potato, but smaller. The *Maca* is another fig-shaped variety, very sweet and subject to ferment. The *Oca* (*crata tuberosa*) is extensively produced. It resembles somewhat our "Lady Finger" potato, seldom more than four inches long, and little if any thicker than the middle finger. It is generally a beautiful clear pink, darser in the eyes, but sometimes is prettily variegated with yellow and pink. Like the others just mentioned, it is sweetish, very pleasant to the taste when boiled or roasted. The *Ulluco*, *Maca* and *Oca* are almost always subjected to a course of alternate exposure to frost at night and sun by day, before eaten. The *Oca* by this process becomes mealy, and loses the slightly sickening taste which it possesses when freshly taken from the earth. The *Maca* is thus exposed for a long time, until well dried, and then put in a cool dry place for preservation. The *Ulluco*, through this process, may be preserved for years.

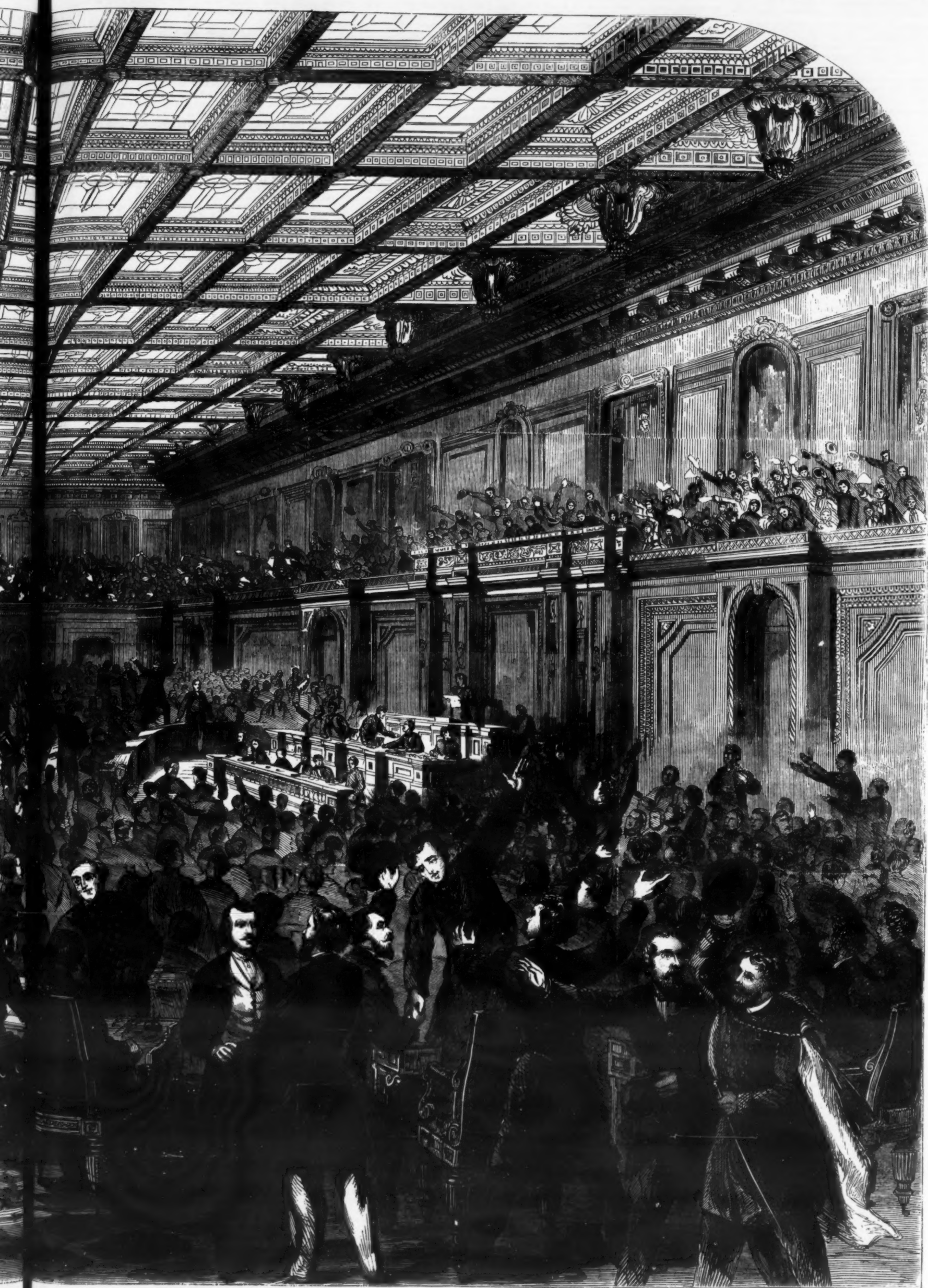
The common form in which the potato is used or offered for sale in the elevated departments of Junin, Ayacucho, Cuzco and Puno, as well as in high Bolivia, is that of *Chulo*. The *Chulo negro*, or black *Chulo*, is made of the ordinary edible potato, and the *Chulo blanco*, or white *Chulo*, of a larger and bitter variety, which is more productive than the other. The potatoes are exposed on a smooth piece of ground, slightly covered with *chico* grass, sometimes on cloths spread on the ground, and allowed to freeze at night and thaw by day for from 15 to 30 days, being frequently turned, until they become perfectly dry, when they are stored away for use, or packed in bags for exportation. Many reach the towns and cities of the coast, and are much valued for use in that abominable drench or stew called *chupe*. In taste the *chulo*, when boiled, is something like the boiled Spanish chestnut. To the teeth its feel is like what I suppose that of half-decayed gutta percha might be. The potatoes are sometimes soaked in water for some days before being exposed as above described. Another way of preparing the potato for preservation is to boil it, peel it, and then expose it as before. The objects of this process seem to be the longer preservation of the potato, for as *chufos* they will keep for years, the reduction of bulk and weight for ease of transportation, a matter of importance in those mountain regions, and finally to render the vegetable mealy and more easy of use. Foreigners generally acquire speedily a taste for the *chulo*, and prefer it to the potato in its other forms. Perhaps our farmers, having their potato crop overtaken by frost, may take a hint from the Peruvian practice, and make a little *chulo* from their own account. They will, however, hardly find the clear frosty nights, cloudless days and dry atmosphere of the Altiros of Peru to assist them in the process.

HOW THE LADIES OF SAVANNAH DRESS.—A correspondent writes from Savannah: "The Southern people have been greatly pinched of late by the war. The costume of the people of Savannah denotes the truth of the assertion. 'What is the news North?' I was asked by an officer to whom I had just been introduced. 'How do you know?' I queried in turn, 'that I am not a citizen of Savannah?' 'Looked at your boots,' said he; 'square toes.' Ever since, if other marks fail, I catch myself glancing at the footgear of citizens I meet, and I have reason to believe the test infallible. As to some of the children this speculation is useless, for they are barefooted, though neatly dressed otherwise. The ladies have gone far back into discarded wardrobes for their walking habits. They affect black mostly. They wear hats with faded ribbons, or bonnets of the antiquated 'kiss-me-quick' design. They do not pile up their own hair and everybody else's they can lay hands on, in waterfalls, or kindred capillary concavities. If I should ask a lady of Savannah if she wore 'mice and rats,' it is very likely she would think me indecorous if not demented. If I insinuated that it has become necessary to wear a cape to the bonnet, she would probably deem the Yankees as mendacious as the Southern journals assert them to be. There is something touching in the plainness of their dress, suggestive here and there of having been turned, and worked over, with whatever touch of coquetry their reduced circumstances, or perhaps opportunities, would permit. Then their air is marked by extreme dejection—not defiance. I noticed, yesterday, in church, a number of ladies sitting beside our private soldiers in their own pews, and quietly brushing away the tears as an eloquent precursor spoke of resignation. Alas! that American women should ever have cause to let fall a drop so fraught with abasement and self-accusation."

COLORS.—Colors have emblems as well as flowers. In very early art colors were used in a symbolical and mystic sense. White was the emblem of light, religious purity, innocence, virginity, faith, joy and life; in the judge it indicated integrity; in the rich man, humility; in the woman, chastity. Red, the ruby, signifies fire, divine love, heat, or the creative power, and royalty. White and red roses expressed love and innocence, or love and wisdom, as in the garlands with which the angels crowned St. Cecilia. In a bad sense, red signifies blood, war, hatred and punishment. Red and black combined were the colors of purgatory and the devil. Blue, or the sapphire, expressed heaven, the firmament, truth, constancy, fidelity. Yellow, or gold, was the symbol of the sun, or imitation, of marriage faith, of fruitfulness. In a bad sense, yellow signifies inconstancy, jealousy, deceit. Green, the emerald, is the color of spring, of hope, particularly of hope in immortality, and of victory, as the color of the palm and the laurel. Violet, the amethyst, signified love and truth, or passion and suffering.



EXCITING SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, JAN. 31, 1865, ON



THE PASSAGE OF THE AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION ABOLISHING SLAVERY FOR EVER.

FAULTLESS VERSES.

Mr. BOWEN, in his recent "Readings" in London, gave specimens of almost every style of writing, but as a contrast to what he called "sensational writing," gave the following imitatively exquisite verses of Tom Hood's:

"We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Went heaving to and fro.

"Our hopes belied us as we wept,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

"But when the morn came dim and sad,
And soft with airy showery,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours."

If we were called upon to supply a pendant to poetry so perfect, we would instance the following, lately written by Tennyson in a similar vein:

"Fair is her cottage in its place,
Where yon broad water sweetly slowly glides,
It sees itself from thatch to base,
Dream in the sliding tides.

"And fairer she—but ah! how soon to die!
Her quiet dream of life this hour may cease,
Her peaceful being slowly passes by
To some more perfect peace."

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "AURORA FLOYD," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Once more Mrs. Burfield stopped to take breath. Francis Tredethlyn listened in silence, with a moody frown upon his face. Already he hated this man, of whose share in his cousin's history he was yet ignorant. He felt as we feel sometimes at a play, when we see the villain first appear upon the stage, and know he is a villain, yet do not know what his special crime is to be.

"Well, sir, of all the pleasant lodgers that ever darkened a widow's doors, the plucked young gentleman was the pleasantest. He got up early, and went to his books and papers as soon as he was dressed, and had chops and strong green tea for breakfast; and he sat at his books all day, till it was too dark for him to sit any longer, and then he went and strolled up and down the esplanade, smoking for an hour or so, and then he came in and had more chops, and cold brandy and water, for his dinner, except when I took the liberty of roasting him a fowl, or getting some other little nicety, just by way of variety; and then after dinner, he went to his books and papers again, and sat up till very late, reading and writing and drinking strong green tea."

"But my cousin Susan," cried Francis. He was getting impatient under this minute description of the lodger's habits. "What has all this to do with my cousin?"

"I'm coming to that," Mrs. Burfield answered, with a sigh that was more profound than usual. "You see, sir, it happened at this time, being the end of the season, and Coltonslough as empty as it could be, it happened that we were without a servant, so myself and Susan Turner took it in turns to wait upon the young gentleman. Not that I ever asked her to do anything that you can call menial, but she'd take him up his tea, and clear away his dinner-things, and light his candles for him, and such like; and knowing her to be a respectable young woman, I didn't keep that sharp watch over her that some folks might have done. If she stopped ten minutes or so in his room, talking to him, I wasn't to think anything about it—you can hear almost every sound in these houses, and it was quite pleasant to hear her soft voice and his laugh ringing out every now and then. He wasn't the sort of gentleman you could suspect of any harm, he had such a happy kind of way with him, as if he was good friends with himself and all the world. He lent Susan books—books of poetry, with all sorts of pencil-writing upon the edges of them; and I used sometimes to fancy Susan cared more for the pencil-writing than she did for the poetry itself, she'd sit and pore over it so when the children were gone to bed, and we were alone in this room. Sometimes the plucked young gentleman would come down here of an evening to fetch himself another candle, or to tell us that he'd let his fire out, or something of that kind, for he wasn't a bit proud; and then, instead of going back directly, he'd sit down, and make himself as much at home as if he had lived among us all his life; and, oh dear me, sir, how he would talk!—all about books and poetry, and the foreign places he'd seen, and plays, and music, and writers, and actors, and singers. He seemed to know everything in the world. So you see, one way and another, he saw good deal of Susan, for I found out afterwards, from the children, that he when went out in the dusk to smoke his cigar he generally contrived to meet Susan, and then he'd walk with her and the children till it was time for them to go indoors. She was a good girl, and she wasn't the girl to throw herself in his way. If they were much together it was because he followed her. I might have known the meaning of his sitting in this room for hours together of a night, but he had such a natural way of doing everything that it threw off one's guard, somehow."

"The scoundrel!" muttered Francis Tredethlyn, between his clenched teeth. "But you haven't told me his name. I want to know his name."

"He'd been with us more than a fortnight before ever I asked him what his name was, and then somehow or other the question came up, and he said his name was Lesley—Robert Lesley; but somehow, looking back upon it afterwards, it seemed to me as if he hesitated a little before he said the name. Well, things went on as comfortable as possible for more than two months, and then he went away, taking all his luggage with him, and paying me very liberal for everything he'd had, besides half a crown apiece to the children, which at that time of year came very welcome, and of course I took it from them immediately to go towards their new boots. He went away; and as I thought, somehow, he'd had a kind of a liking for Susan, and Susan for him, I half expected the poor girl would fret a little when he was gone; but she didn't, and looking at her sometimes as she sat at work opposite to me, I used to fancy there was a kind of happy smile like upon her face. She'd been with me six months by this time, and I paid her the little trifle that was due, and what did she do next day but go out and spend ever so much in toys and such like for the children, which, as I told her, was very wrong, considering how badly off she was for clothes. But she made no answer, except to look at me with the same smile I'd seen so often on her face since Mr. Lesley had gone."

"Poor girl—poor, helpless, innocent girl!" The dark frown melted into a softer expression as Francis Tredethlyn muttered these few broken words. He was no longer thinking of the stranger—the nameless villain of this common story. He was thinking of his cousin Susan's innocent face, with the smile of girlish trustfulness upon it.

"One day, when Mr. Lesley had been gone a little better than three weeks, a letter came for Susan—I'd need to notice it, for it was the first she'd had since she'd been with me. She ran upstairs directly she heard the postman's knock, and took the letter from him with her own hands, and stopped to read it in the passage. She was putting it in her pocket as she came back into this room, and her cheeks were flushed as bright as two red roses, but she didn't say a word about the letter. All that afternoon she seemed in a kind of flutter, and every now and then she would come all over in a tremble, and drop her work in her lap. She was making some pinafores for the boys, and I said to her, 'Susan, what ever is the matter?' But she turned it off somehow, and nothing more was said until after tea, when the children were safe out of the way, and we were sitting alone together. Then I never did see anybody so restless as she was, laying her work down and taking it up again, and fetching a book—one of the books he'd left with her—and opening and shutting it, and then pretending to read, but all in the same restless way, till at last she came suddenly behind my chair and flung her arms round my neck, and began to sob fit to break her poor loving heart. And it was ever so long before she could get calm enough to say anything; but at last she cried out, 'Oh, Mrs. Burfield, I'm afraid I'm very ungrateful; you've been so good to me, and we've been so happy together.' And so we had, though I do think, poor tender-hearted dear, she'd gone through as much on account of the taxes as if she'd been the householder instead of me. 'I'm going to leave you, Mrs. Burfield,' she said; 'I'm going to leave you and the children that love me so dearly. I'm going away to be married to Mr. Lesley. I'm to go by the first train to-morrow morning, and he's to meet me at the station, and at eleven o'clock we're to be married.'

"You may guess how she took my breath away when she told me this. But I said, 'Oh, my dear, you can't mean to do anything so mad as to go alone to meet Mr. Lesley, which is little better than a stranger to you.' 'A stranger!' she cried out, 'my darling Robert a stranger! Oh, if you only knew how noble he is, and how much he is going to give up to marry a poor girl like me.' And then she went on about him as if he'd been something better than a human creature; and having always found him so much the gentleman myself, and so open-hearted and frank in all his ways, I could scarcely do otherwise than believe her. But still I urged her all I could against trusting him. 'Don't go, my dear,' I said, 'or if you must go, let me go with you.' But she blushed very red, and said, 'Oh, Mrs. Burfield, the marriage is to be a secret, and I promised Robert again and again that I wouldn't say a word about it to you or any living creature. Only you've been so good to me, and I couldn't bear to go away without telling you the whole truth.' And upon this I begged her still harder not to go away; I told her no good ever came out of secret marriages, and that there was generally something underhand and false at the bottom of them that brought about all kinds of trouble and suffering afterwards. And I told her how my Burfield married me publicly in St. Pancras church, and would have his two sisters—one in pink and one in blue—besides the Miss Parkinsees, his first cousins, who were sweetly dressed in green and salmon, to walk after me to the altar. But it was no more use talking to Susan than if she'd been a stone statue, though she sat herself on the little hassock at my feet, and kept crying one minute and smiling the next, and talking about her darling Robert, and kissing me, till I almost thought her brain was turned. It was no use talking. 'I love him so dearly,' she said, 'and I know how noble and generous he is.' And that was her only argument; and long before daylight the next morning she went away by the early train; and though my heart seemed bleeding for her, I couldn't kiss her when she said good-bye, and I couldn't go to the station to see her off. 'No, Susan,' I said, 'if you must go, you must, and I've no power to keep you back, but I'll be neither act nor part in your going.' But I stood at my window to see her go away, and I shall never forget the dark, drizzly morning, with streaks of gray like on one side of the sky, and white, sickly-looking stars on the other, and Susan walking across the waste ground all alone, with

the rain driving at her, and the wind beating at her, and a bit of a shabby carpet-bag in her hand. It seemed so dreadful to think she was going to be married like that."

"But she did go away?" cried Francis. "She must have come back to you then, for the letter with the Coltonslough postmark reached her father less than eighteen months ago."

"I'm coming to that," answered Mrs. Burfield. "It's about eighteen months ago that she came back to me, looking, oh! so changed, so broken down, that I hadn't the heart to ask her any questions. I could see that all had gone wrong, and I could guess pretty well what kind of wrong it was. She never mentioned Mr. Lesley's name; and there was something in her face which seemed to make me afraid to mention it myself. She wanted to lodge with me, she said, and would pay me for her lodgings. I could see that she wore a wedding ring on her finger, but she had no other jewellery whatever. She was dressed in black—black silk that had once been very handsome, but which was rusty and shabby then. The first night she came to me she sat up very late writing, and in the morning she went out with a letter in her hand. She was with me more than two months, but that was the last time I ever saw her write. She used to be fond of reading; but now she never took up a book, though Mr. Lesley had left a good many of his books in the little chiffonier in the parlor, thinking to come back, as he told me. She used to be fond of the children; but now she never noticed them, and after a little while they seemed to shrink away from her, as if she was strange to them somehow. For hours and days together she used to sit in the bow-window, watching the road from the station, as if she expected some one. At dusk she would go out and walk upon the esplanade, just at the time that he used to walk with his cigar. It was the dull season, and there was no one to notice her. At last, about the middle of May, when the visitors began to come to Coltonslough, she told me one day that she must leave me. I said, 'Was it on account of the lodgings?' because she knew I used to raise the rent at that time of year, and I thought that might be the cause of her wanting to go. But she said, 'Oh, no, no.' She had only had one purpose in stopping so long, and that was in the hope of seeing some one, or getting an answer to a letter she had written, and now there was no longer any hope of that. So I couldn't persuade her to stay any longer, do what I would, and she went away. She had friends in London, she told me, who had promised to put her in the way of getting her own living some how or other. I kissed her this time, willing enough, poor child, and I went with her to the station, and I thought her pale face looked almost like a ghost's as she waved her hand to me from the carriage window."

"You're a good woman!" cried Mr. Tredethlyn, half crushing Mrs. Burfield's skinny hand in his strong fingers. "You're a good woman, and you did your best to befriend that poor girl."

Mrs. Burfield sighed, and wiped her eyes with the corner of a rusty black silk apron. The world had been very hard for her; but there was a gentle, womanly haven somewhere in her breast, and Susan Tredethlyn had taken shelter there. "She'd been gone a little over six weeks, when an old gentleman came one morning, and asked to see a girl called Susan. That's how he put it. He was very stern-looking, and he threw me all in a tremble, somehow, with his ways; but I asked him down here, and then, little by little, he made me tell him pretty nearly all I've told you. I couldn't keep anything back from him; he put his questions so fierce and sudden; and every time I hesitated ever so little, he accused me of prevaricating with him, and trying to deceive him. I could see his eyes glaring at me like coals of fire, and his face turned of a bluish white, so that I was almost frightened he'd drop down in a fit. But when he'd got all the story out of me, he stood up as straight and stern as if he'd been only twenty years old, and said, 'No man of my name ever knew what disgrace was until to-day, and may the heaviest curse that ever fell upon a woman's head come down upon my shameful daughter.' He stretched up his two hands—and I shall never forget him as he stood there with his white hair, and the bluish white of his face, and the dreadful glare in his eyes. Then he put on his hat and walked out of the house, taking no more notice of me than if I'd been a stock or a stone. I heard the front door bang to after him, and I ran upstairs to the parlor window, and saw him walking away towards the station; and that's the last I saw of him."

"Can you remember upon what day this occurred?"

"Yes, I can; for I'd had the parlor lodgers leave me the day before. It was the 29th of June."

The 29th of June! and on the 30th Oliver Tredethlyn had executed that will which made Francis master of thirty thousand a year. The young man knew now why his uncle had left him a great fortune, and found it still more difficult to feel very grateful to his benefactor.

There was a long pause, during which vengeful thoughts had their full way in the breast of Francis Tredethlyn.

"Can you tell me nothing more of this man," he said presently—"this scoundrel, who called himself Robert Lesley?"

Mrs. Burfield only answered by a hopeless shake of her head.

"He left some books, you say. Was there none among them that would give any clue to who or what he was?"

Again Mrs. Burfield shook her head.

"You're welcome to look at the books," she said; "there's plenty of pencil writing in them, but no name or address—only initials."

She knelt down before a little chiffonier, in a corner by the fireplace, and took out a few volumes, some handsomely, some shabbily bound, and placed them before Francis Tredethlyn.

Upon the handsomely-bound books the initials "R. L." appeared in a gilded monogram. Four

of the volumes were German translations of some recondite classics; but there was a fifth upon which Mr. Tredethlyn fastened eagerly. It was a small flat volume, bound in sheepskin, and fastened with a brass lock—a very superior kind of lock. On the cover was written the one word—"Journal."

"Let me have this book," he said, "I'll give you a hundred pounds for it."

Mrs. Burfield's mouth opened with a spasmodic action, and for once in her life she forgot to sigh. "A hundred pounds!"

"A hundred—two, if you like. Haven't I told you that I'm a rich man? and you've been kind to my cousin. I'll give you the money as a free gift, for the matter of that; but I must have this book. It's a journal, a book in which a man writes a history of his own life. An officer I knew in Van Diemen's Land used to write such a history by fits and starts. How do I know what this may tell me about my cousin? Let me have it. I know the book isn't yours; but there can be no such thing as honor or faith to be kept with such a man as that. Let me have the book."

There was a good deal more said upon the matter, but the end of it was that Francis Tredethlyn went back to London with the sheepskin-covered volume in his pocket; and Mrs. Burfield, retiring to rest, after a heavy supper of cold meat and cucumber, dreamt that she had inherited a million of money from one of the Coltonslough tax-collectors.

THE MURDER OF AUNT DEB.

BY THADDEUS B. GLOVER.

AMONG the many peculiar and startling incidents which occurred during my long sojourn in Kentucky, the following is not the most uninteresting.

One evening, while quietly seated under the porch of a friend's house, enjoying the sweets of my corn-cob pipe, and endeavoring to penetrate through the curls of its smoke when this "cruel war" would be over, we were suddenly startled by the piercing shrieks of female voices. We all jumped to our feet in an instant, and looking up the pike a short distance, we beheld in the soft moonlight several ladies gesticulating and screaming for help in the utmost frenzy. Being probably the most active of the party, I was out the gate and in the midst of the ladies at once. I found that the affrighted party were Mrs. H—, a wealthy widow lady, and her four pretty daughters, who were the next neighbors on the opposite side to my friend.

As soon as I came up they all screamed, as if there were with one voice, "Somebody's murdering Aunt Deb!" I knew Aunt Deb was the old colored slave cook of the family, and without further questioning flew towards the house as fast as my legs could carry me, followed by the ladies—my male companions were at this moment far in the rear. As I dashed along the pike I drew my bowie-knife—which self-protection bid me carry—and soon reached the mansion. Here I was met by a host of darkeys, big and little, all having terror in its most aggravated shape depicted in their countenances, and in my hurry I thought I saw one darkey look a little pale.

As with the ladies, the blacks cried out with one voice, "Somewun's chokin' Auntie Deb!"

"Where is she?" I eagerly inquired.

"Down dar in de back kitchen," they replied.

"Get a light," said I, and started for the rear of the house.

As I reached the stairway and began to descend, I heard the old wench groaning most agonizingly. I thrust open the door and shouted, "You villain! what are you about here?" at the same time stepping inside; but it was so dark I could not distinguish anything in the room. The old woman kept on her hard breathing, groans, and a sort of gurgling in the throat, and I thought she would be murdered sure enough before they brought the light. So guarding my head as best I could with my left arm, I commenced "sawing the air" with my trusty bowie, and making fearful plunges at immaterial space.

Presently the light came. I nervously clutched it and cast my eyes around the room. There was no one there, but the door was open leading into the front cellar. My friends had by this time arrived—one with a cocked pistol in his hand. I did not hesitate—I made a rush in the cellar. It was filled with piles of wood and coals. An axe lay there. I thought of the strategy of disarming the foe; I seized it. We all then made a general search throughout the premises, but the miscreant was no where to be seen. I was disappointed. Going up to the old woman's bed, which lay in one corner of the room, and she in the middle of it, with her knees drawn up to her chin, and covered up head and ears, I rather abruptly said—

"What the d—!—is the matter with you, aunty?"

"Who hurt you?"

She merely groaned out, in a shivering voice—

"Under de bed!"

In an instant we were all on our knees hunting among the rubbish for the assassin, but were again disappointed in finding him. Getting up quite out of all patience, I pulled the covering off the old woman's head and said—

"Have you been drinking, Deb, that you have been making all this disturbance?"

The old wench turned over, and rolling up the whites of her great shiny eyes, said—

"No, massa, no, I ain't been a drinkin'; but I 'specks I've been doin' a heap o' dreamin'!"

There was a dead silence for about three seconds, when there was one general shout. The gentlemen roared and the ladies screamed, amid which I sheathed my bowie-knife and rather unconceremoniously sought the fresh air.

A HIBERNIAN Senator, speaking of Suicide, said: "The only way to stop it is to make it a capital offense, punishable by death."

AN OLD STORY.

BY FITZJAMES O'BRIEN.

The snow falls fast in the silent street,
And the wind is laden with cutting sleet;
And there is a pitiless glare in the sky,
As a fainting woman goes wandering by.

The rage that wrap her wasted form
Are frozen stiff in the perishing storm;
And she is so cold, that the snowflakes rest
Unmelted, upon her marble breast!

Ah! who could believe that those rayless eyes
Were once as sunny as April skies;
And the flowers she plucked in the early spring
Loved to be touched by so pure a thing!

'Tis past—and the fierce wind shrieking by
Drowns the faint gasp of her parting sigh;
And lifeless she falls at the outer gate
Of him who has made her desolate.

Silently falls the snow on her face,
Garbing her form in its stainless grace,
As tho' God, in his mercy, willed that she
Should die in a garment of purity!

The Ordeal by Touch.

In these days, when any man who has a large mouth, and strong legs which he can hurl about in utter independence of each other, and without reference to the parent trunk, and who can ask the very dreariest of riddles, sets up as a negro dancer and singer, with the title of "delineator of the eccentricities of the sable race," there is something unsatisfactory to the few who may be personally acquainted with the habits and idiosyncrasies of the negroes, in seeing so little justice done to our dark brethren, who are usually represented as a nation of black Calibans and Trincools. Very few of the music hall audiences or of the multitudes who daily and nightly witness what are called "Delineations of Negro Life" are aware to what extent the caricature is pushed, and how considerably they are imposed upon. The negro, *par sang*, is strongly romantic and imaginative, and excels even the wild imaginings and picturesque superstitions of the Irish, who are, if we may use the phrase, romantic from the more common and sentimental point of view. The race of negroes is imbued with something of the Arimanic philosophy; they are controlled by a dread of the evil agency of Obahs, and there is a gloominess and cloud of fatalism upon their superstitions (groveling as they may at first sight appear), which denote minds of a stronger stamp than those of a nation which peoples the hillsides with fairies and "good people." It is not our intention to give undue elevation to the intelligence of the negroes; and perhaps so high a term as "fatalism" may seem out of analogy to the acknowledged ignorance and heavy dulness of the blacks—but the simple type of "fatalism" is precisely the doctrine which would recommend itself to minds which, unable to extend the sphere of thought, are glad to refer events to one ruling agency, and so dispense with the exercise of free-will, in the various developments of which are exhibited the characteristics of nations and individuals. A singular instance of negro romance, from a fatalistic point of view, occurred some years ago in the island of Barbados; and the conduct of the principal performer in the narrative, though founded upon superstition, is not without dignity. When my father purchased the Hope estate in Barbados, he bought, with the stock, fixtures and appertainings of the land, certain slaves attached to the soil, the residue of the late proprietor's establishment, amongst whom was a black of the true African race, who went by the name of Sammy. This man soon became an object of notice, from his exceptional indolence and carelessness of what befell him—he seemed to be so offended in his soul at being degraded first as a slave and then by a transfer which levelled him with the beasts of the field, which were included with him in the purchase of the estate. Be that as it might, work he would not. My father, over considerate and merciful to his servants, having failed to induce him to join the cropwork with the other gangs, as they are called, proposed, by way of easy labor, that Sammy should "graze a cow" for him; no great risk certainly, but Sammy objected to the responsibility, and declared that he was tired of life, and wanted "to go home." No notice was taken of these expressions at the time, but their solution was to come.

One day, at dawn, a messenger came to my father to apprise him that Sammy was sitting by the Hope well, and that he had declared his intention of jumping down the same as soon as the day was ended. My father immediately rose and went to the well, which, at this time, was dry, but of immense depth, nearly one hundred and fifty feet, and paved at the bottom, in order to hold the rains. Arrived at the spot, he found the negro sitting, as had been described, on the coping of the well, which had been built high, in consideration of the children on the estate. My father spoke to Sammy, and attempted first to laugh and then to reason him out of his projected suicide, but to no purpose, and, worn out, my father was compelled at last to leave him. After breakfast my mother also went to the well. There was now a circle of his friends and acquaintances all adding their requests to his poor wife's lamentations. None, however, dared approach him, for he had arranged a circle of stones at a radius of about six feet from the edge of the well, and with one hand on the coping, and the other extended in warning, he assured them that if they ventured beyond a certain distance, or within this belt, he would at once leap down. When my mother approached, Sammy seemed moved, and said:

"Missy—don't come farther—don't let them say you made me jump down."

After a long and vain effort at persuasion, my mother retired in tears. Others of us, members of the family, now visited him, but all failed to turn him from his purpose.

"No!" said he, decisively, "I am tired of my life—my sun is nearly set"—(I give his very words)—"I am going home!"

Our butler Robert, a mulatto, tried to argue with him, but vainly; finally, the rector of the parish came to use his influence. Sammy listened respectfully, but shook his head at the conclusion of the clergyman's monitions. The sun was now past the meridian, and Sammy's time was drawing nigh. Once more my mother came to him, this time being accompanied by the wretched man's only child. She prayed and besought him to come away.

"No! missy," he said, sorrowfully, "I have lived enough—I am going home."

Large numbers had now encircled the well, awaiting anxiously the setting of the sun. Slowly, and in tears, did the members of our family depart and leave the fated man. With a smile of patient endurance, but with determination unflinching, he sat watching the descending fire into the sea. Just as the sun in all its tropical splendor sank beneath the horizon, the suicide raised himself, and, pointing towards the west, said:

"And now I'll go and sup with the French King!" and having said this he leaped down.

Here was fatalism combined with romance, and dignified by sternness and composure—a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. What allusion was intended in the last words of this man, there is no chance of discovering; and perhaps the expression appears at this distance of time rather an anti-climax to the gravity of the scene, which should have been in its catastrophe almost sublime. Truth, however, demands that I should give the very words used.

Another instance which also occurred in the Island of Barbados (a spot replete with legends and anecdotes of the rarest description) exhibits a different phase of the negro mind working in superstition.

Some years ago a gentleman of the name of Elcock resided in Barbados. His gentleness and kindness to his slaves were proverbial, and they were all in appearance deeply attached to him. One negro in particular, who had been selected for his intelligence and readiness as Mr. Elcock's body-servant or valet, was admitted into much of his master's confidence and intimacy, and the pleasant relations between them were well known to all the neighborhood.

On one occasion Mr. Elcock, reflecting that the diligence and affection of his servant might be enhanced by granting his freedom, made out an instrument of manumission by which the man was to be liberated from slavery as soon as he (Mr. Elcock) deceased. He acquainted his valet with his intention, who expressed his joy and gratitude profusely, but seemed a little disappointed at not receiving an immediate freedom. Mr. Elcock explained that the only reason for this postponement of his release was to avoid making an invidious distinction between one of his servants and the rest of the establishment, who were, not unnaturally, a little jealous of the favorite. Matters were thus arranged, and all seemed to go on as before.

One morning, however, one of the servants, coming to Mr. Elcock's room with his early cup of coffee, discovered his master lying across the bed with his throat barbarously cut from ear to ear. Alarm was given, and soon the news spread far and wide that Mr. Elcock had been robbed and murdered by some enemy. The valet, who slept in the next room, and had to be awakened in the morning by the discoverer of the murder, was distracted with grief; he tore his hair, and gave way to extravagant grief, calling on his "his dear master," "his poor, loved master," &c., and vowing vengeance on the assassins. No suspicion of course attached to him, as every one was aware of the intimacy and affection which existed between Mr. Elcock and himself. Unfortunately for him, however, he exaggerated his complaints so transparently, that a gentleman of the inquest, who was well acquainted with the superstitions of the African, determined on a public trial of the servants of the establishment. One by one the slaves were summoned into the room where the murdered man lay blanched, and with all traces of his wounds concealed by the grave-clothes. One of his hands, however, which had suffered in the struggle for life, was left bare, and composed decently on his chest. The slaves passed through the dead man's chamber, some with dread, some in tears, none with indifference. At length came the confidential servant, wringing his hands, and exhibiting excessive grief. The inquirer bade him go to the corpse and touch his hand. The man smiled and made a ghastly effort to speak, but his lips were white and his face twitching with fear. The juror, with a laughing expression of confidence in his innocence, now seized his hand and approached the body. With a face bedabbled with sweat, and with knees knocking together, the valet neared the corpse; his hand almost touched his master's inanimate fingers, when, with a shriek, he fell on the floor with the horrible confession pouring from his lips. He had been discovered by his fear that the murdered man's blood would flow when the guilty hand touched its victim.

So his superstition convicted him, and by the side of his murdered benefactor he told the hideous story of murder and ingratitude.

A CORRESPONDENT in Michigan, speaking of the late dry summer season, tells us that it was so dry that the farmers on the oak openings were obliged to resort to some other business besides farming for a living. Some two or three have been seen in rosin from the common white pine. The white turpentine is saved and simply boiled down, the sky losing all the oil and spirits of turpentine, but saving the rosin, a sample of which I send. Our farmers think that they can make money at it at one-half present prices (\$40 to \$50 per barrel). The sample is light colored, clear and free from specks, a very nice article.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Rumors of peace and opera a reality once more—could anything else be necessary in order to make us happy, excitable Gothamites that we are?

The troupe arrived unharmed from their Boston exile and opened on Thursday evening to a house that in the way of numbers and brilliancy could not easily be surpassed. They gave "Don Sebastiano," and probably from their delight at once more finding themselves in habitable regions, the performers one and all appeared to unusual advantage.

Zucchi continued the triumphs of last season, if possible improving upon her former rendition of the part of Zaida, and Messinianni has certainly made a very marked progress both in the way of voice and acting. Friday evening they gave us "Fra Diavolo," with charming Miss Kellogg as charming and graceful as ever, in the rôle of Zerlina, which suits her voice so admirably. Since then we have had Il Poluto, Ernani, Faust, and are promised Le Prophète.

The houses have been crammed nightly—the dress-circle and boxes look like the most gorgeous flower parterres, and in the way of costly and elegant attire New York women seem to have surpassed even the lavish expenditure which long since grew into a proverb.

Some man wrote a pitiful letter to the *Evening Post* last week begging the editor to give Zucchi a word of advice in regard to her dress in Zaida. He is dreadfully shocked at her oh-no-we-never-mention-them, and desires that as we do not know the difference between the attire of a Moorish and Turkish female, that she will, for decorum's sake, adopt the loose trousers supposed to make part of the costume of the latter. Can he be a relative of the Boston lady who thought that a tin petticoat, painted to resemble marble, would render the Venus de Medici more presentable to eyes refined?

But the most insane thing in the way of a letter that we have encountered for ages, was one written not long since to a daily paper by a man who complains of the inconvenience and risk he runs from riding in public vehicles, because other people will insist on letting down windows and having a little air as fresh as it can be obtained, instead of being content to stay shut up like prisoners in the Black Hole of Calcutta.

Now we never expected to live to hear a complaint of this sort uttered—we had supposed that nothing could ever again make us guilty of the vulgar sensation of asphyxiation; but we confess that to find a living animal, either biped or quadruped, to whom it is natural to breathe carbonic gas instead of moderately pure oxygen, does somewhat upset our equanimity.

This must be the man whom everybody has been so unfortunate as to meet times enough to peril one's immortal soul, by the obnoxiousness of his proceedings force one to utter with frantic energy. He is the man who always has a cold in his head and snuffles incessantly from Bowling Green to Madison Square. He is the man who always finds fault severely because children are allowed to be so beautiful and carefree, like knots of flowers brightening a dusky office. He is the man who always takes more than a double allowance of seat and whom we saw a lady serve very rightly the other day by putting the point of her umbrella so that he dove comfortably against it when he attempted to give her a vicious push. He is the man who forced us out into a pelting rainstorm not long since, because he made the stage a miniature purgatory by howling till everybody was glad to close a window in order to make him quiet.

Why, a wretch like that is worse than a Southern incendiary—what is being burned alive compared to a slow death by suffocation in a self-sealing can? He would probably be perfectly comfortable in a room like the one where an unfortunate Brooklyn family smothered themselves the other night by shutting doors and windows, building a huge fire in one of those contrivances of the fiend called a stove, and leaving the covers off so that the noxious gas would fill the place without the least difficulty. They were seven, like the family in Wordsworth's poem, but at least one or two of the little ones died, and the others had such a feeble hold of life left that it was hardly worth mentioning.

It would be just the place for the detestable creature of whom we write, and if he won't go there let him at once seek out any such a share his monomania and let them all be laid in rows like sardines, in a box hermetically closed, where they shall cease to annoy the human species and may enjoy to the utmost their inglorious anarchy.

All sorts of extraordinary things have happened to people this winter who were in search of apartments, but the pleasantest adventure we have heard of occurred to a young friend of ours. The man and woman of the house showed the rooms—first requesting the visitor not to dim the shine of the banisters by touching them as he mounted the stairs. Then they asked his business—told him they objected to the lodger receiving visits—said the gentleman who occupied the second floor from always took his boots off in the lower hall and carried them up in his hand—that night keys were prohibited—that the smell of smoke made the female faint at once—that a youth who had the third floor back had actually been guilty of the enormity of whistling a few evenings previous, but had apologized properly, saying that it was "purely accidental"—that.

But by this time young New York had gained the foot of the staircase, and fled without casting a glance behind. You may laugh and disbelieve, but the thing actually happened without one word of exaggeration.

There is a shoemaker in Broadway who exhibits in his window a diabolical humor of bones labeled "the human foot." We never go by without being forced to look at it, and never without wondering as to why the man should turn his window into an anatomical museum on a small scale.

Does he think that by showing what an unpleasant object the human foot is people will be inclined to rush in and purchase an extra supply of boots, in order to keep a very inhuman thing covered, or has he a fiendish pleasure in making men uneasy when they regard the number and slenderness of the bones, so that for two blocks after they walk as if treading on eggshells, for fear of disturbing in any way the marvelous arrangement—which is it? Now it is a very different thing when that ardent epicure of fashion, Becker, puts a model lady's head round the corner; we never go by without being forced to look at it, and never without wondering as to why the man should turn his window into an anatomical museum on a small scale.

Another thing—when a poor, tired omnibus horse slips and falls upon the icy pavement, could there be no way devised of helping him except for several men to beat and kick him until his strength and breath he had left are tortured out of his stretched carcass? Only yesterday we saw a brute—the name is weak to express his nature—pommeling an unfortunate dry horse that had fallen, hopelessly entangled in the harness, while a crowd, among whom were two policemen, stood evidently admiring the performance of the drunken fiend. Merely a man might be pardoned under certain circumstances, but slaying alive here and the tortments of an orthodox hot place hereafter would be slight punishment for a biped capable of striking a child or ill-treating a dumb animal.

A lady recently wrote to a prominent bookseller telling him that she had heard a great deal about a new poem, called "In a Garden," and desired him to send

her a copy if he had it; by way of particularizing she added in a postscript: "I believe it is written by one Trembleton."

Whose ingenuity would make out of the above that she meant Enoch Arden? The "one Trembleton" is perfectly delicious, and how jolly it would be to repeat the thing to the immortal Alfred himself.

An article we saw lately, seeming inclined to class in the same category the new sources of fortune, shoddy and petroleum, which have sprung up since the commencement of the war, set us thinking, and it seems to us that nothing can be more unjust than to draw a comparison between the two aristocracies, as they are called in the vulgar cant phrase of the day.

It is true that fortune is sometimes realized by both with a rapidity which rivals Heller's most wonderful conjuring feat, that both come under the head of speculation, but there all resemblance ceases.

Petroleum is the free gift of prodigal nature—in a company established upon a solid basis there is no possibility of wrong to any—the poor man who embarks his funds is certain of reaping his harvest in a proportion as honest as that of the greatest capitalist concerned.

Petroleum is a trade in the products of nature; shoddy, a traffic in blood—the term sounds harsh, but it is none the less true and well-deserved. The shoddyite must of necessity be a swindler, the very name shows that he is an undertaking based on the grossest fraud and rascality.

Every dollar that such a man gains is stolen from the hard earnings of others, from those who deserve the sympathy and respect of their countrymen, the soldiers who are risking their lives for their native land, the men whose blood is red on Southern savannahs, whose brothers lie buried at Ball's Bluff and Fair Oaks—the men who for four years have endured privation and danger, and endured them cheerfully, who gave up quiet, the associations of home, everything that makes life dear, to guard the Union which we all love and venerate.

It is from men like these that the shoddy millionaire has torn his accursed gains. Does it ever occur to him that the costly raiment with which he decorates his wife is a badge of infamy, that ought to wear her down like a traitor's pall? Does he ever think that the pearls which gleam on his daughter's neck are stained with blood, that the choice wines he drinks at his table are the tears of the widows and the orphans whom he has wronged, that the day must come when the soul of a condemned criminal shall show pure and white beside his gilt-stained spirit?

Let us have no more comparisons of this sort let us be thankful that, at the very moment when so much needed, a source of wealth like petroleum has flowed upon our land; and if we cannot check this son of shoddy in his inhuman career, let us at least be silent for very shame, remembering that even a jest upon its workings is like a scoff over the graves of the brave warriors whom we profess to lament.

Among the pleasant things of the future is the second annual ball of the Italian Benevolent Society, ticketed for Irving Hall, Friday evening, February 10th, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the Italian Evening School, under the patronage of the municipality, and the orphanage of volunteers in the army. The Italian school, although organized no longer ago than November, numbers upwards of 40 pupils, under the general direction of Prof. A. Magli. The English class is taught by Prof. Simona, the common branch by Mr. Perotti, and drawing by Mr. D. Gendis. The advancement of this school, in which instruction is gratuitously offered to Italian youth, is an object of public interest, and we hope the proposed ball will turn out to be the great success it deserves to be, if only for the sake of the good and laudable objects to which its proceeds will be devoted. It will be remembered that the Italian Benevolent Society last summer gave a concert for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, under the direction of the sole and distinguished Signor Barili, well known as the maestro under whose instruction no less than two prima donnas were fitted for their profession, Morena and Mrs. Van Zandt. Signor Barili is ever ready to dedicate his talents and services to the promotion of worthy objects. The Italians have thus formed a direct claim on American sympathies, which we doubt not will be recapitulated now that an opportunity is offered.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A SAW-FILER in New Bedford, whose practice is quite extensive in doctoring dull saws, puts out a sign in the form of a hand saw with the words "saw-dentist" painted on it.

A GOOD GUESS at a tailor's name—Mr. S O and so.

A GENTLEMAN, unluckily the victim of intoxication, came home late, and was reproached by his wife.

"A pretty time this, sir," she said, "for a father to come home to his family—three o'clock in the morning." "Three!" replied the injured inebriate, "it's only one; I heard it strike one, two or three times, as I came round the corner."

JUDGE RICHARDSON once said that "everything that was foreknown by the Almighty, except what would be the verdict of a petit jury."

AH! sighed Waifer, what a sublime and petrolemic study is ciphering—when he learned that the compound interest of one cent from the beginning of the world to this day would equal in value 4,400,000,000 globes of solid gold, each as big as the earth. Save your pennies, little boys.

DR. MEAD was once assailed in a pamphlet by Dr. Woodward. The Doctors met—a fight ensued with swords. Mead disarming his adversary, ordered him to beg for his life.

"Never!" said Woodward—"never till I am your patient."

SOMEbody, describing the awkward appearance of a man dancing the polka, says that "he looks as though he had a hole in his pocket, and was trying to shake a shilling down the leg of his trousers."

STRIKES have been numerous in all branches of business during the past year; but the only successful ones have been among those who have "stuck it."

MISS EDGEWORTH wrote a witty essay on Irish bulls, in which she defends the Irish from the charge of being prone to bull-making. She herself, however, appears to have fallen into the practice, which is very contagious, in the following passage in the life of her father:

"The last letter poor Johnson ever wrote, or, I should rather say, dictated, was to my father; it was in his nephew's handwriting."

A TEACHER in a western county in Canada, while making his first visit to his "constituents," got into conversation with an ancient "Vermont" lady, who had taken up her residence in the "backwoods." Of course, the school and former teacher came in for criticism; and the old lady, in speaking of his predecessor, asked:

"Wa'al, master, what do you think he learnt the schoolers?"

"Couldn't say, ma'am. Pray what did he teach?"

"Wa'al, he told 'em that this 'ere arith was round, and went around; and all that sort o' thing. Now, master, what do you think about sich stuff? Don't you think he was an ignorant feller?"

"Unwilling to come under the category of the ignorant, the teacher evasively remarked:

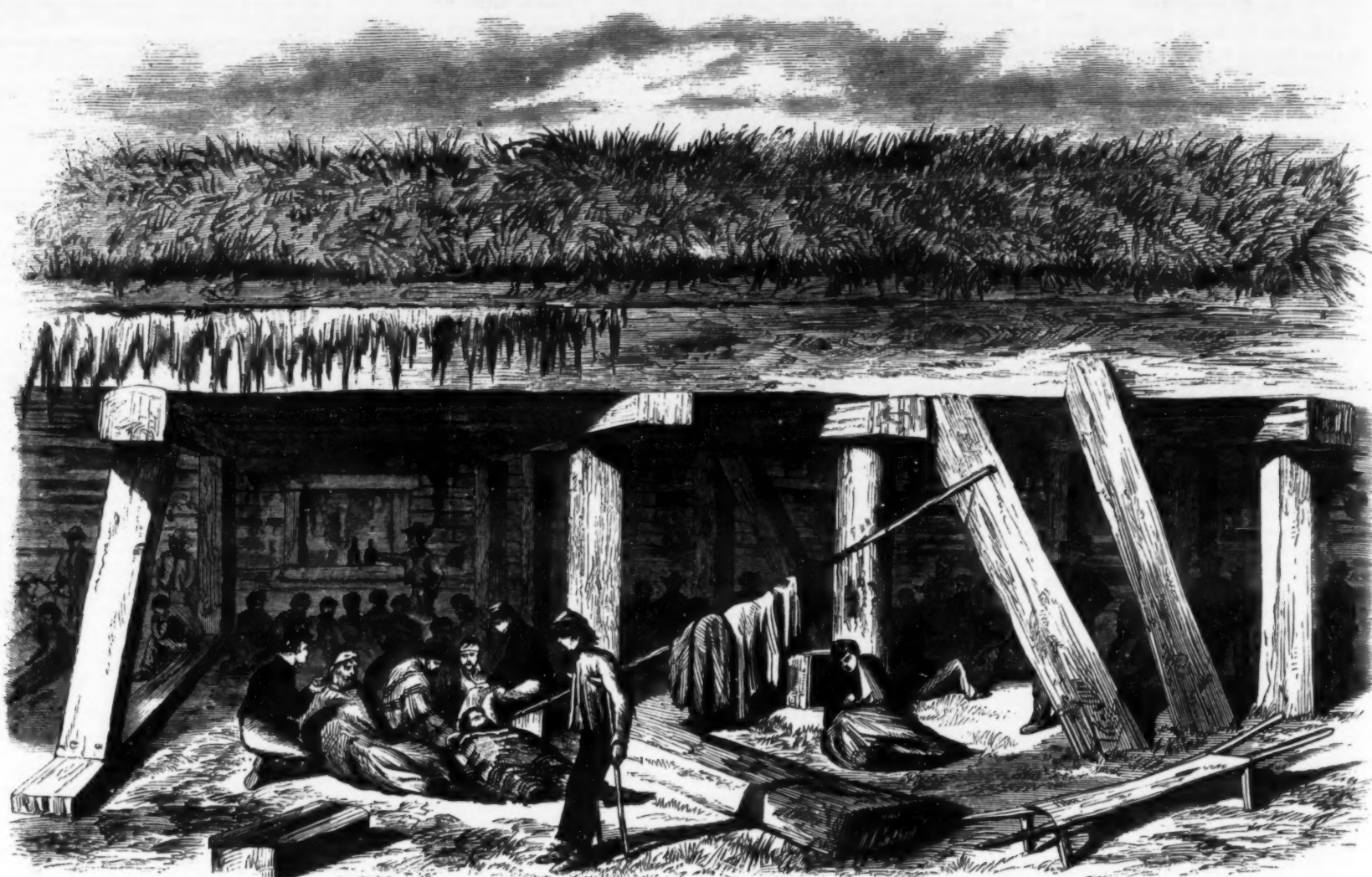
"It really did seem strange; but still there are many learned men who teach these things?"

"Wa'al," said she, "if the arith is round, and goes round, what holds it up?"

"Oh, these learned men say it goes around the sun, and that the sun holds it up by virtue of the law of attraction," he replied.

The old lady lowered her "specs," and by way of climax responded:

"Wa'al, if these high larn't men see the sun holds up the arith, I should like to know what holds the arith up when the sun goes down!"



INTERIOR OF THE BOMBPROOF AT FORT FISHER, N. C., USED AS A HOSPITAL FOR REBEL WOUNDED.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

FORT FISHER, N. C.

We continue our most interesting illustrations of the last great event of the war. Our readers cannot fail to admire more and more the gallant conduct of our troops, when they contemplate the strength of the rebel fortress, and how admirably the outlying defenses of Fort Buchanan and the Mound Battery are situated to render the principal one of Fort Fisher all but impregnable. In our last two papers we have so fully described the bombardment and capture of this famous stronghold, that we have merely on the present occasion to call attention to our Artist's graphic and comprehensive sketch, which shows, at a glance, how utterly impossible it is now for any supplies to reach the Confederacy through this, the last mouth of a dying body. It is to be regretted that the rebel pirate ship *Tallahassee*

managed to escape, after running completely into the lion jaws of Admiral Porter.

Our Artist says that there is no doubt that the explosion of the magazine, which took place on the morning after the formal surrender of Fort Fisher, was the deliberate act of the rebel authorities—an act so treacherous and barbarous, as to fully justify the severest retaliatory measures on our part. It is, however, perhaps as well that we should show as much superiority in our humanity as we do in our achievements; but we venture to say that no such magnanimity would be shown by one European power to another. It will be remembered in the Crimean war, that, when the Russian soldiers murdered some wounded French soldiers who were left on the field of battle, Marshal Plessier sent word to the Russian General that if such an outrage occurred again he would hang the Grand Dukes if they

should ever fall into his hands. What retaliation could be too severe for such an atrocity as to attach a wire to the magazine of a fort before its surrender, and then fire it ten hours after it had been in our possession?

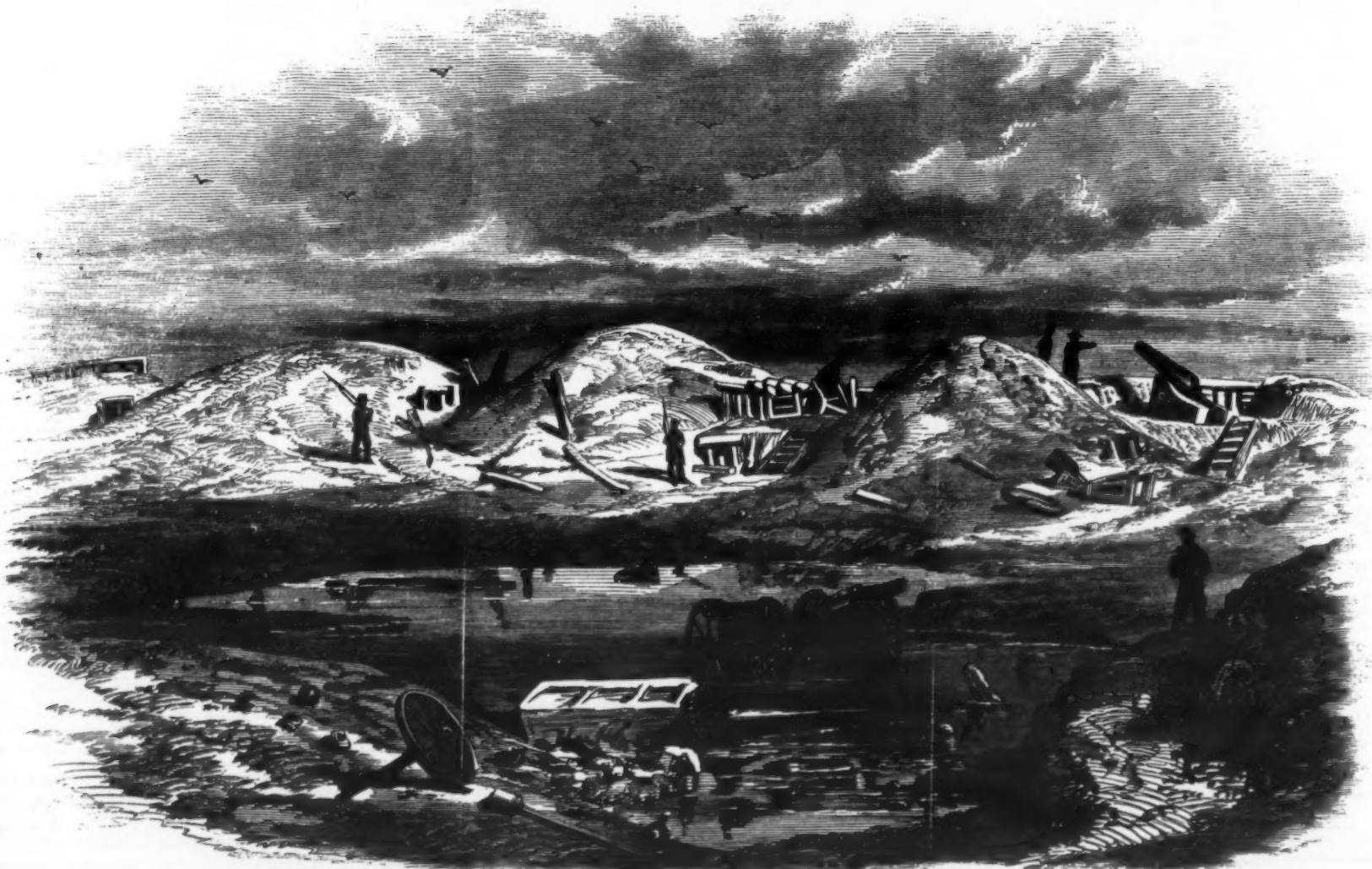
It was to Fort Buchanan that the rebels conveyed their wounded commanders, Gen. Whiting and Col. Lamb, and to which about 700 of their troops retreated during the last struggle in Fort Fisher. The correspondent of the *New York Times* says that the scene which presented itself in the fort when it fell into our hands showed the desperate courage with which the enemy had defended their stronghold.

GREAT FIRE IN BUFFALO, N. Y.

MR. H. L. BLISS, a photographer in Buffalo, has obliged us with several views of the late conflagra-

tion in that city, from which we have selected one for engraving. Our illustration represents the view from Eagle street, extending to and including one-half of the American Hotel.

The fire was first discovered in the premises of Mr. Peter Diehl, No. 298 Main street, about 4 1/2 o'clock on the morning of Jan. 25, and is supposed to have originated in the cooking range of his restaurant. The alarm was promptly given, and the fire department was as promptly on hand; but the fierceness of the gale, the intense cold and the blinding snow conspired against them, and rendered the handling of the hose exceedingly difficult. Many of the lines were frozen up and rendered comparatively useless, by being cemented solidly to the streets. These embarrassments to contend with, the best efforts of the gallant firemen were impotent. The flames spread with considerable rapidity, and soon



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF A PART OF FORT FISHER, N. C., AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.—SKETCHED JAN. 26, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.



BURNING OF THE AMERICAN HOTEL, AND ADJACENT BUILDINGS, AT BUFFALO, N. Y., JAN. 25.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. L. BLISS.

had communicated to other buildings, till the building known as the Bernheimer Block, embracing the clothing store of Conrad Sippel, Mr. Diehl's restaurant, Richard Jenner's drug store, and Van Velsor's bakery, were utterly destroyed.

Attention was then directed to the American Hotel, but up to nearly eight o'clock it was confidently thought the building could be saved. The high wind blowing from the southwest pressed the flames towards that building, and soon after the hour indicated the hotel was on fire, and the flames swept through the structure with a fury that could not be assuaged. It was a war in which the maddened elements were arrayed against a few men whose weapons lay useless on the ground, and although the latter fought with desperate energy, they were overpowered at every point.

It was determined to arrest the progress of the flames by blowing up the Eagle Hotel, which was done by the explosion of 120 pounds of powder, several adjacent stores falling with the ruins. Three brave youths belonging to the fire department, named respectively Sidway, Gillet and Tift, lost their lives in the heroic discharge of their duty. They were buried by a falling wall, in the rear of the American Hotel.

The damage has been estimated as high as \$750,000. The American was worth about \$250,000, against which Mr. Stevens and the heirs to the Tracy estate, part owners, have an insurance of \$33,000, and Mr. Michaels, the principal owner, an insurance of \$75,000. The furniture was valued at \$30,000; insured for \$12,000.

HEADQUARTERS AT WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.

The headquarters of Gen. Sheridan, at Winchester, Va., are in the late residence of Lloyd Logan, a wealthy tobacco-grower, now in Richmond. Gen. Milroy, upon his arrival, found the house occupied by the ladies and family of Mr. Logan. These were considerably forwarded to the rebel capital, to enjoy the society of their precious paterfamilias, and the mansion being cleansed of the taint of treason by ventilation and soap-suds, became the residence of our brave cavalier.

THE WESTERN DEFENCES OF SAVANNAH, GA.

ALTHOUGH Savannah must finally have fallen before the invincible army of Sherman, it is certain the enemy might have made an obstinate defence, and compelled a heavy sacrifice of life. Fortunately the scarcity of provisions and the lukewarmness of the inhabitants induced Gen. Hardee to evacuate, rather than fight it out with the same obstinacy that Pemberton disputed inch by inch at Vicksburg.

Our Artist has sent us a sketch of the rebel defences on the west side of Savannah, which, as our readers can see for themselves, are well constructed, and capable of offering considerable resistance. The level nature, however, of the country around the city is not adapted to that obstinate fighting which more hilly ground presents, and consequently our superior artillery would soon have compelled their abandonment by the enemy.

THE WASHINGTON TRAGEDY.

SINCE the affair of Mr. Key and Gen. Sickles, no social event has caused so much excitement in Wash-

ington as the shooting of Mr. Andrew J. Burroughs, a clerk in the Treasury Department, by Mary Harris, a young woman who claims that he violated a marriage promise with her. The victim of this unwarrantable act is the brother of Dr. Burroughs, President of the Douglas College, Chicago, and latterly a clerk in the Currency Bureau Treasury. It appears that during his residence in Burlington, Iowa, he had become acquainted with Miss Harris—but we will give the unhappy girl's own words:

I am the daughter of William Harris of Burlington, Iowa; my parents are Irish, and are poor; am 19 years old; about seven years ago I became acquainted with Mr. Burroughs; he came frequently to see me at my father's house until he left Burlington; and for a long time I frequently sat in his lap in the presence of my parents; he always manifested great interest in me; as I grew older, and his attentions became more of the character of a suitor, my parents opposed them, and told me that his family was too high for me; that he would never marry me, and that I should not keep company with him.

I disregarded them, persisted in seeing him, and became more and more attached to him. When he left Burlington, I did not ask him to write to me, but he had not been long gone when I received a letter from him, which I answered, and a correspondence was continued, which was sometimes interrupted by my refraining from writing to him. But he would persevere in renewing it, until I would be persuaded to write to him. Before he left Burlington he asked me to marry him; I refused because I felt that I was too young to disobey my parents in such a matter.

A few days before starting from Chicago (two weeks ago), I was walking along the street and saw some pistols in a shop window. Having learned that many of the ladies of Chicago carried pistols, especially when travelling, I determined to buy one, and at once bought the one.

After my arrival here I became almost frantic with a

desire to see him, and put on a "nubia" (which I was not wont to wear) and a veil, and so disguised, went to the Treasury.

When I went into the Treasury building, yesterday morning, I inquired for the room in which Mr. Burroughs was, and having learned that, walked up and down the hall for some time. Once I went to the door of the room, opened it a few inches, and saw him at his desk. The moment I looked at him, sitting there so comfortably, the thought of all I had suffered, and of his being the cause, enraged me, and my hand involuntarily pulled back the trigger of the pistol in my pocket. I closed the door, and stepping away, moved about again, I know not how or where, except that I kept my eye on his room until the men began to come out of their rooms. Then I placed myself where I knew he would have to come near me in going to the staircase. When he appeared I felt suddenly lifted up; my arm was extended as stiff as iron, and I saw him fall. I knew nothing more until I was called back when leaving the building. Pray, sir, what will they do with me? If it was not for my poor father and mother, I would not care.

She repeatedly reiterated her asseveration that there had been nothing improper between her and Mr. Burroughs.

REVOLUTIONS IN COSTUME.

THE changes of fashion, considered in the light of their relation to social usage, teach us the future, by reviewing philosophically the conduct of the past.

Revolutions in costume are periodical, as is almost everything else in this world. From the beginning of this century, when dresses were reduced to their narrowest proportions, they have gradually increased in size till they have become so uncomely and uncomfortably distended that it is neither safe nor possible to

wear them. Of course this applies more to feminine than to masculine costume; but both are progressing in a parallel line on the racing ground of fashion. Singularly enough, the tendency towards distension regularly coincides with the progress of the century. When a century, for instance, is in its first years, civilised humanity seems to feel young, and in no way eager to conceal under a pile of garments the beautiful forms granted to the lord of creation. As the century advances in years, fashion assumes matronly ideas and stately notions quite unknown to the preceding generations of beaux. And when the century approaches towards its completion, then all the resources, all the craft of millinery, tailoring and perfumery are brought to bear on the means of dissimulating old age and decrepitude. In the beginning of a century man is not ashamed of himself. With the sunny confidence of youth he walks in the streets and appears in assemblies dressed as nearly as possible as the man of nature. In the latter part of the century youth itself seems to delight in assuming the appearance of old age. The examination of any book of costume affords numberless illustrations of this inscrutable law of revolutions in dress, from the middle ages down to our own time.

Men's costume is naturally less exaggerated in form than the dresses of the fair sex. It is also slower in its secular development. Hats, for instance, although from time to time slightly modified in type, keep during a century the same general form. The eighteenth century was condemned to the ridiculous three-cornered hat; the nineteenth is doomed to the still uglier chimney-pot. Gen. Foy, writing on military costume, considered it an immense boon for the soldier the superseding of the breeches by the trousers. He held that the suppression of the garter gave much more uneasiness to the movements of the leg. But the opinion of Foy is no longer partaken of by the French military authorities, since, irresistibly drawn in the circle of revolving fashion, they have come back to breeches and leggings for French infantry. A similar attempt made by the volunteers in England is very likely to lead her sons, in a given time, back to the costume of their fathers.

As it is, we may fairly expect that the prevailing fashion of enormously distended dresses is to prevail during the rest of the century, in spite of all its perils and its ugliness. Our grandmothers had the doors of their houses raised and enlarged to allow the introduction of their head-dresses and their hoops. Until such alterations have been largely practised in our constructions, carriages, theatres, ball-rooms, etc., there is no chance of seeing the taste for the present bell-shaped dresses diminish or begin to disappear.

HOW TO DRESS FOR A PHOTOGRAPH.

ORANGE color, for certain optical reasons, is photographically black. Blue is white; other shades or tones of color are proportionably darker or lighter as they contain more or less of these colors. The progressive scale of photographic color commences with the lightest. The order stands thus: White, light blue, violet, pink, mauve, dark blue, lemon, blue green, leather-brown, purple, red, amber, moreen, orange, dead black. Complexion has to be much considered in connection with dress. Blondes can wear much lighter colors than brunettes; the latter always present better pictures in dark dresses, but neither look well in



LOGAN HOUSE, HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. SHERIDAN, AT WINCHESTER, VA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY MILLER & MURRAY.

positive white. Violent contrast of color should be especially guarded against. In photography, brunettes possess a great advantage over their fairer sisters. The lovely golden tresses lose all their transparent brilliancy, and are represented black; whilst the "bonnie blue e'e," theme of rapture to the poet, is misery to the photographer; for it is put entirely out. The simplest and most effective way of removing the yellow color from the hair is to powder it nearly white; it is thus brought to about the same photographic tint as in nature. The same rule, of course, applies to complexion. A freckle, quite invisible at a short distance, is, on account of its yellow color, rendered most painfully distinct when photographed. The puff box must be called in to the assistance of art. Here let me intrude one word of general advice—blue, as we have seen, is the most readily affected by the light, and the yellow the least; if, therefore, you would keep your complexion clear and free from tan freckles whilst taking your delightful rambles at the seaside, discard by all means the blue veil, and substitute a dark green or yellow one in its stead. Blue tulle offers no more obstruction to the actinic rays of the sun than the white. Half a yard of yellow net, though perhaps not very becoming, will be more efficacious and considerably cheaper than a quart of kalydor.

PETROLEUM AND PROSPERITY.—We take an opportunity to congratulate a successful company, and give information to our readers at the same time. The New York and Liverpool Petroleum Co. had on the first day of 1885 prospered so well that they ceased to sell stock at \$5 per share, and have since sold none at less than their full par of \$10. At this price the remainder of the stock is rapidly going off. An oversight has caused some misunderstanding in this matter, which is of considerable importance to a corporation so largely patronized.

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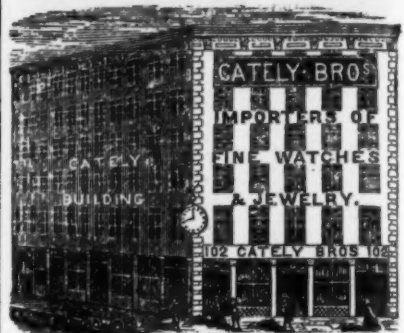
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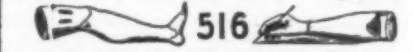
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